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Caterpillar 13

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Allen Ginsberg: (two poems

BIXBY CANYON

Path crowded with thistle fern blue daisy,
glassy grass, pale morninglory
scattered on a granite hill
bells clanging under grey sea cliffs,
dry brackensprout seaweed-wreathed
where bee dies in sand hollows
ant-swarmed above
white froth-wave glassed bay surge
Ishvara-ripple on cave wall
sea birds
skating wind swell,
Amor Krishna Om Phat Svaha air rumble at
ocean-lip
Yesterday
Sand castles Neal, white plasm balls round
jellies--
Skeleton snaketubes & back
nostrils' seaweed-tail dry-wrinkled
brown seabulb & rednailed
cactus blossom-petal tongues--
Brownpickle saltwater tomato ball
rubber tail Spaghettied
with leafmeat,
Mucous-softness crown'd Laurel thong-hat
Father Whale gunk transparent
yellowleaf egg-sac sandy
lotos-petal cast back to cold

watersurge.
Bouquet of old seaweed
on a striped blanket, kelp tentacle spread
round the prayer place--
Hermes silver
firelight spread over wave sunglare--
The Cosmic Miasma Anxiety meditating nakedman
--Soft Bonepipe!
Musical Sea-knee gristlebone rubber
burp footswat beard ball bounce
of homosexual Shlurp ocean hish
Sabahadabadie Sound-limit
to Evil--
Set limit, set limit, set limit to
oceansong?
Limit birdcries, limit the Limitless
in language? O Say
Can You See The Internationale
Mental Traveller Marseillaise
in waves of eye alteration Politics?
'Tis sweet Liberty I hymn in freeman's sunlight
not limited to observe No Nakedness signs
in silent bud-crowded pathways, artforms
of flowers limitless Ignorance--
Wet seaweed blossoms froth left, sun breathing
giant mist under the bridge,
cloud-skin haloed
yellow sunlight of Old
shining on mossledge, tide foam
lapped in harmless gold light--
O Eyeball Brightness shimmering ! Father Circle
whence we have sprung, thru thy bright
Rainbow horn, Silence!
So sings the laborer under the rock bridge,
so pipes pray to the Avelanche.

June 16, 1968 / Big Sur Gross

REFLECTIONS IN SLEEPY EYE

3,489 friendly people
Elm grove, willow, Blue Earth County's
red barns, tiny feoff with
gas nozzle snout on hillock,
Large beetles & lizards
orange-painted steel
cranes & truck cabs
Green seeder down-pointed
Science Toy earth cock
Thin floods, smooth planted acres
upturned, brown
cornstubble ploughed under,
tractor pulling discs over fenced land,
concrete SGA grain elevator.
Old box-alder fallen over
on knees in pond-flood,
white painted gas tanks by
Springfield's rail yard woods,
tiny train parade by
Meats Groceries North Star Seeds
Our Flag at full mast
TV antennae, large leafy antennaed
trees upstretched green,
trunks standing sunlit
Sheep on stormfenced knoll,
green little wood acres--
one forest from Canada to these
plains--Corn silage in net bins,
Windmills in Tracy,
Blue enamel silos cap'd
aluminum, minarets in white sunbeam
Cannabis excellent for drying lymph-

glands, specific relief for
symptoms of colds, flu,
ear pressure grippe &
Eustachean tube clogging--
A tree, bent broken mid-trunk
branches to ground--
Much land, few folk, excelsior grave
yard stones
silver tipp'd phalloi to heaven--
Aum, Om, Ford, Mailbox
telephone pole wire strung
down road. Lake house
fence poles, tree shade
pine hill grave, Ah
Lake Benton's blue waved waters--
finally, Time came to
the brick barn! collapsed!
Old oak trunk sunk thick
under ground.
Farm car ploughman rolling discs,
iron cuts smooth ground even,
hill plains roll--
Cows browse under alder shoot,
bent limbs arch clear brown
stream beds, trees stand
on banks observing
shade, peculiar standing up or kneeling
groundward
Car graveyard fills eyes
iron glitters, chrome fenders
rust
White crosses, Vietnam War Dead
churchbells
Cars, kids, hamburger stand
open, barn-smile
white eye, door mouth.

(for Robert Bly

May 9, 1969

THIS IS WHAT I WOULD SAY IF I WERE ALLOWED TO BE PRESENT SEPTEMBER 10, 1970. BILLY McCUNE #122054.

(Note: Billy McCune, the author of the following statement, has been for twenty years a convicted rapist incarcerated in various Texas prisons. At present, he is in the Treatment Center of the Wynne Farm, where he lives in "isolation", and is diagnosed as a psychotic. In 1968, a photographer named Danny Lyon, who had been allowed to take still pictures for over a year in the state prison system, was introduced to McCune by Warden Howard Sublett. Lyon had exposed himself to the most severe conditions. He wanted to publish a distressing book replete with the images of what he saw. Wynne was known to be a place where the inmates turned into "old and crazy men." McCune and Lyon became friends. There followed a long correspondence between the two, on McCune's part, pictorial and decorative as well as literary. Lyon conceived the idea of a two man exhibition --to be called "conversations with the dead" -- divided equally between his photographs and the letters and paintings of his friend behind bars. For the show, which opened September 10, 1970, at the Art Center of Rice University, Lyon asked McCune if he would care to address the audience he would never see. --Max Kozloff)

Dear and Respective Citizens of Texas.
From a microscopic space called a cell, among the vast units of the Texas Department of Corrections is submitted work which represent feelings. My feelings to your feelings, from my heart and brain to your heart and brain. My appeal of hope for a better mode of existence is expressed in the succeeding paragraphs. It goes as follows:
Sirs (male and female sirs) respectively of course, I Billy McCune number 122054 in whose drawings and sketches are heretofore presented in this art exhibition, in the prospective city of Houston and through the courtesy of one humanitarian by which is known to you and me as Danny Lyon, a photo-artist to the art world and a poet of the underdog to the philosophical world known and respected for his kindness to unfortunate born-losers, who have lost the

way in life, who find themselves alone, crazy, forgotten and one foot in the grave, I do hereby voluntary and humbly admit without reservations that I was guilty as charged of the rape-beating of a poly-technic house-wife, in the city of Ft. Worth, on one complaining victim, (Effie Leon) on a down-town parking-lot -- and on the specified date of about Feb. 3, 1950 -- and about 11 p. m. o'clock -- after I had been extensively drinking in an upstairs lounge with a small dance space set to the music of a nickel juke box which for me seems to play the death march of the post-present and future tense which represents me as a one time loser in the unfortunate case of the people of Texas versus Billy George McCune for the criminal and anti-social act on one of your acceptable and reputable citizens. In consequence and in retribution, I have roted away by physiological stress and strain by consumption. And I have learned through the reality of experience what the two little words with big meaning, (1. Pathos and 2. Ethos) mean. Surely if I ever come out of this grave I will do so a sader and wiser aspect of the human organism, from the inner-emotions and inner-thoughts of reflections, which in the future tense shall be my retrospections.

Looking back at my ghost and phantoms of what I had lost and knowing in my heart I have nothing to show for it and when I think about my past, I am consoled by Winston Churchill's famous words, " I have nothing to offer but blood, toil and tears". So in my art and my expressions, my feelings of the type of life I have lived is all I have to offer to the art and literary world, how my eyes and ears react to stimulus from this point of intersection of so many quantitative variables. I now weigh about 130 pounds, am sexually de-capacitated, have not a tooth in my mouth, not too many strands of hair atop my noggin. I am growing old, tired (worn out) and sad mentally. I do not know how many days, weeks, months or years I have left of my inheritance from mother nature again. I brain-wash myself and you people also that I have learned from the sad experiences of reality. So therefore, I say to you, if it is not, after twenty years within the hearts and minds of the authorities of this state to release the accused and convicted rapist Billy G. McCune from imprisonment and punishment I wish to announce that it is my sincerest and profoundest hope and prayer to the unknown God to depart from the state and never return. I do not claim this present state as my native land -- as my heritage and destiny. I feel no relation to it nor to any of its inhabitants. I have had many sad and un-pleasant nightmares about dying here, bottled up in disection and being sent to Galveston. So you see, I pray to be freed

under the inter-state parole system probably to New Mexico and should there be any question as to what I propose to do there in my new dimension, let me suggest it may be basic or essential to install me in a little part time job with a humble shack to keep the grapes of wrath off my head. But my ultimate goal is to spend the remainder of my alloted life in the labor of my heart and tormented soul sculpturing and molding miniature trinkets and knick knacks for my true friend and benefactor Danny Lyon who is responsible for this presentation of my sketches and drawings.

So in conclusion, I, Billy G. McCune behind the grey walls of Texas do now in advance, not knowing what will be your response on my effort (art composition) and the above without sophisticated technique in the prose of flattery. I am indeed impressed beyond description that you would contribute this time and energy to a social misfit, a born loser and an outcast such as I, there be no retraction or happy reunion, and yet as one skeleton said to another in the catacombs of oblivion, I do not and am not presently in a condition to react to your perspective. All I know is that all things work for the good for those with a grain of good. To you these words: a time for crime, a time for punishment, torment and tears and pain. A time for work but not for play and at last to lie down in the dust and die, so good bye to one and all from B. G. M. #122054.

Jackson Mac Low:

KENT STATE

" A small black kitten she was carrying
jumped down from her arms
& ran away in fright
at the sound of the gunfire. "

The state is murder:
saying it a quarter of a century
hasn't helped a bit.

What more is there to say?

The children know it's true--
more & more of the children know it's true--
acting as if they hope perhaps it isn't.

Acting as if it's only Ma & Pa--
only Ma & Pa, after all,
who'd spank but never'd kill--
they stand before the lowered loaded automatic rifles.

In the cities & the South
the dark brothers & sisters
know better:
" Just keep it away from the ghetto!"

They've always known it--
they've been made to know it all their lives--
they've always known the state

is murder.

They've always known it's not their Ma & Pa:
they've always known that Ma & Pa can kill:
murder's in their budget--
a necessary household expense.

The state that Ma & Pa became & pay for
is murder.

When Ma & Pa become the state,
they lose those worries over cuts & bruises--
their hands lose the governor
that usually keeps spankings
from edging into killings.

But any "battered child"
can tell you its fragility.

6 May 1970

George Stanley:

FEELING OUT - 7 -

A Record

3:40
20 of 4 ?
I'm just not ablle,
to write a word .

There's a word . So much, at least, I am capable of
& not much
more ---

OK it is about
3:45 AM
too much tickly &

---

4 AM

This world is a world of its own
and it has a right to exist

---

that's a MARK !

415

turned on the light again!
lots of aah vowels
like gagging vowels in nonsense
words. It's not that bad.

Dear, wherever, with the rosy crowns
on my pants It wasnt last night.

It W It is what it is

418 AM

It is this world and no other
It is this world that has
a right to exist

& I am not going to lay any
corecive trip on myself

420 AM

Record this moment of time.
Where are the demons
that I've wanted to see.

crazy trains,
stuff that goes on at the back of my head

the effort it takes to

rosy tramps crazy as aunt sandstraws
these vowels

it doesnt make any sense to be
here

strawland ! !
asdreamy cross land

425

crosland I'll get back,
Stan!

No, I laugh tenderly to see us at
such moments
star-crossed

those back a vowels

like in tramp,
ants,
crazy aldrich
surmise
tires
all
a l l

crazy alswerts !
almonds
& alka-seltzer
h e l p
help

it's not
this bad

just go

427 AM

This is a fucking record of where I am, Stan,
I am in a hot skin gripping a purple
pencil
I am here

I am (laugh
something otherwise oraganized in the hall
a noise or

429 AM

I was here . And
this is nowhere . Immense
triviality & vulgarity. It is
hard to keep meaning here
except it just isn't so bad

I keep trying--- ok. 430 AM
no more writing for awhile

445 ?

signing in

I love most of it (you?)
other ?
how to describe it,

quite beyond the point of

sense where am I ? I am
writing this sounds like
antsy tramps

rosy trants
rosy prance
love yes crazyland ralt
stalts

so silly. So much nonsense &
trivia & straw (
so much plain inconsequence

rosy trivia
inconsequence
aant straws
rents, say for instance!

that's some kind of meaning

enough writing for a while

5 to 5 ?

bram strawltz crazy rhythm
look this writing is me, see
I mean to get thru. It is
hard. Not painful. Just Just

hard to write. To notice meaning.
Without everything dissolving
(as it is now

stop this !

It's not that bad

I feel like an old woman
covered with useless jewelry

I am writing down

what I can

it is hard.

I see read places

on my hands. Just to notice
that this
is
obsession
let itgo OK no more
writing there are
other ways

I to 5

What do I know
Robert Creeley
Joel Oppenheimer
Brosnan (St Louis pitcher
M E A N I N G !

he is that
pitcher for
St Louis
baseball team!

So s i l l y . Got this
far, Stan,

all that doesn t look
silly to me is my own
face.

Face, body, source of
meaning,

leaning, lover,
beloved, blood

rosy

drea

502

Let me go beyond this point.
Let me out of this drowsy,
raisin way

dreamstrass
brown sense

straws
it hurts to write. It
is so important to
get thru.

503

and all through all this
actual agony at the same
time is going on that
indescribable!
background

I mean it's so
boRING!!

BORING

floods of ecstasy

505

let me scape from
trying to organize this too much

crazy marstress
(these weird words are
the only way of

getting some things
across.

They arent very
important . I mean
it! Love is.

Silence is.

A poem would be

God would be .

Love Silence

A Poem God

drown straws
dog boxy eye

508

I am willing that it all
should sweep over me like
this. There is a meaningless

message I cant
quite get into
dream language

510

I am who I am
At this moment
Grant Straws
Whoever I am
a great name,
Grant Straws

O I AM JUST

MAKING MARKS

So you will know
I was here

too

It's not
that bad

just so ordinary

510

OK another trip out into it
arm tired from writing.

I am obsessional & so what
I'm tough I can
write tho

I can hardly

write my own name
now ----

OK

MY own name

5:11 AM

George Stanley

Somewhere back then
he did something or other
(that's a story

513

513

The point is that unless I do
this I won't know how it's been

I guess we make sense
despite ourselves

Is it all

NO IT IS NOT ALL

rome straws, dramstrazz all

that it is more than
that I mean

life is more than that

not acid

I MEAN LIFE IS IMPORTANT

I M E A N I T

This is some kind of record I
am making even if I cannot say
what it's value is now it has VALUE

beyond this nonsense
words & acts make
promises
promises

faces

promised us

loved

517

a little bit of sense coming back ?

maybe ?

these unpronounceable words at
the back of my head

such trivia

such pain

a g o n y

I am writhing
so hard so tired
I am good

was that the problem?
being good ?

Mike & Debby's friend coughing in the
next room. I got to lie down.

now.

turn out light for a while

later ------

reconstruct that
world again

522 (the " time")

not much kinesthesia
lots of visuals
dusty greens
I can t overemphasize how
unimportant & trivial all this is
compared to
our lives

in which this is only
a hurried moment

Scott. I love you
I want you. To fill my body
lay me down --- like how
angular and lazy these letters look

I mean that

& love, & all that, that's lost,
where you're out here,
is precisely what is important.

To make meaning.

I mean when you're out here on
acid, you know all this
crap you encounter out here is
just your Old Uncle Jack, O K,

talk thru me
motherfucker,

I couldn't do nuthin about

it if you

wanted to,

Jack

I mean that to Scott even if it
isn't as well said as it could
have been. Some little

data: great sensations of
shrinking,

creeping,

crawling up
inside me
I mean lively love
feminine mouth

hanging on to meaning

I cant overestimate it.

I'll repeat myself. Have got to
get back the message of the
tremendous bumptious (!)
unimportance of this acid trip.

All my petty obsessions crawling out

B O R I N G

---

those vowels still
trying to get thru
at the back of my head
crazy allspice
brown stalts. ?

T h i s i s t h e w o r l d

t h e r e i s n o

o t h e r .

Than this one I create
minute by minute, forcing
even a fucking stupid acid trip
to give up some significance,
which is, the utter
brown straws of the personal

I am of no importance

All is to follow

my son my father

gestures not understanding
the gesturing,

imploring
in me

533

("their" time.)

Coming back.

Came thru I think .

How much more beautiful life is
than this boring acid trip.

THIS IS NOT IT

I MEAN

THIS STATE HERE

NOT THE ANSWER

but it sure lets you

know a lot

I don't want to now
I want to survive this.
I want to get back.

537

Seems like hours, days, what dimensions
are there, since the last entry
(only 4 minutes)

drowsy egg

I am good
I will sleep for a while
& not make meaning for
a while

I am a very funny writer.

That looks pretty fucking
humorless.

540 ??

I dont want any more
of this trivia

Marko Bandini

I love you too
Stan Persky

Robin Blaser
Robert Creeley
Beverly
Sara

& a lot of trivial names
like Romeo Alston

I am trying to make

sense I'm ok ?

541

Stop writing for a while.
Got to.
Just dropping pag &
pen hold on

I know that this is what it is
& that all that
unfinished business
is there, too,

& am still going to s top
writing for a minute
at least.

IT'S NOT THAT BAD

1/2 WAY THRU ??

I dont want to come
down this road again

NECK A GONY

FINGERS

549

real rational feeling. This is
all "transferland," i.e., it's all

decals
OK so get
through it

a little bit of dawn coming back (550)

this is just not an

interesting way to experience

oh yes it is

Goodbye for awhile

553

sitting up
just took off my underpants
want to be NAKED

613

I see the world as fundamentally
made of promises, promises

649 AM

bromo-straws or seltzers
or shit or vanilla or whatever
that touchy is

I know now that I am loveable

and how I am loveable

There is no going back
no brambles between us
tearing back,
along the way,

nothing that gets in the way

This has been a revelation
of 1) utter trivial endless
trivia
and
2) emotion beyond description
just because I couldn't
move the pen to describe it
(i.e., indeterminacy!

it is even
hard now

yet I do it
I make
meaning

hard as it is

I love you

I love you George

This is Tony Stanley's

world full of his shit

and broomstrawmen
or no tears

almost overcome

tremendous feeling

I a m I a m

I make meaning

I stand up.

and topple over

and lie legs & arms
in the straw, naughty,

just like you

always wanted

That was just an attempt
to seduce myself --- but
why not be seduced
by one's self time 656

708

I see my own holy adolescent
beauty as loveable and
sexual I accepit it all is
to be eaten or caressed
why these tears ? No tears came.

I got up to make my mark ----
i.e., 710 AM, the "next" day

soon phone Stan

still have to get used
to my own boy silliness beauty
is what I am

just shuddered,
like a colt

I've been looking in a mirror,
to see myself (shaving mirror)

7:11

have already seen

brown salt smelling
paradise lad me

and got a glimpse of something
else, reminded of Duncan.
I like my eyes! !

7: 13

7: 14

my left eye is my writer's gimlet,
knowing,
experienced in use

my right eye is sexy innocent

I looked a little like Creeley
in the mirror

(by the way, I was going to
masturbate about --- some time ago
& never got around to it
yet

719

Of course all the bullshit goes
on too. I've given up trying
to even describe that. My
b.s. has a nasty 8th grader
quality about it.

720

O k. make sense. Just walked out in
the hall for a sec. Met John.
Cats in the hall. Doesn't make
much sense --- I mean that ---
"doesn't make much sense"
as a felt appreciation of the
Universe.

Katzenjammer music. Naughty kids.
My own jamming. This is some kind of
a record. I think there
is very little faked in these
pages, maybe a word or two
and those crossed out.

Not faking, at least. I know that.

724

I know that I'm pretty much

O K with the Universe.
Despite drowsy nostrils,
and trousers, and all that
tangled at the back of my
mind (and thinking also of
the back of a yard,
joining other yards, but also

going up, like a Kite

or petal,

nasturtium petal;

me,

not faking it.

729

just had a beautiful conversation
with John Barrow. He says
don't take notes, go for a walk ---
I say: Time for that later.
I'm a writer. A little mock-serious
/th

730

Maybe that's the think to
do. Take a walk. Outdoors.

730 (still!)

Can you believe I'm "trying"

to get out of my room.

The immense social organization of
just finding a sock

dont need socks

731 at last !

755

The unanylzable part
(root) of a dream is
like the unsearchable
point in one's own bullshit ---
You don't want to get
quite so close to yourself.

8:00 Talk talk talk
talk (jabber). John
listening. Here I am
trying to write with a
No. 2 pencil on a
green napkin and it
is very important
to do so.
A writer age 36.

Michael Burkard:

Had I not come
into the room
saying the moon
was behaving like sod

not flesh
as the boys downstairs
had sd

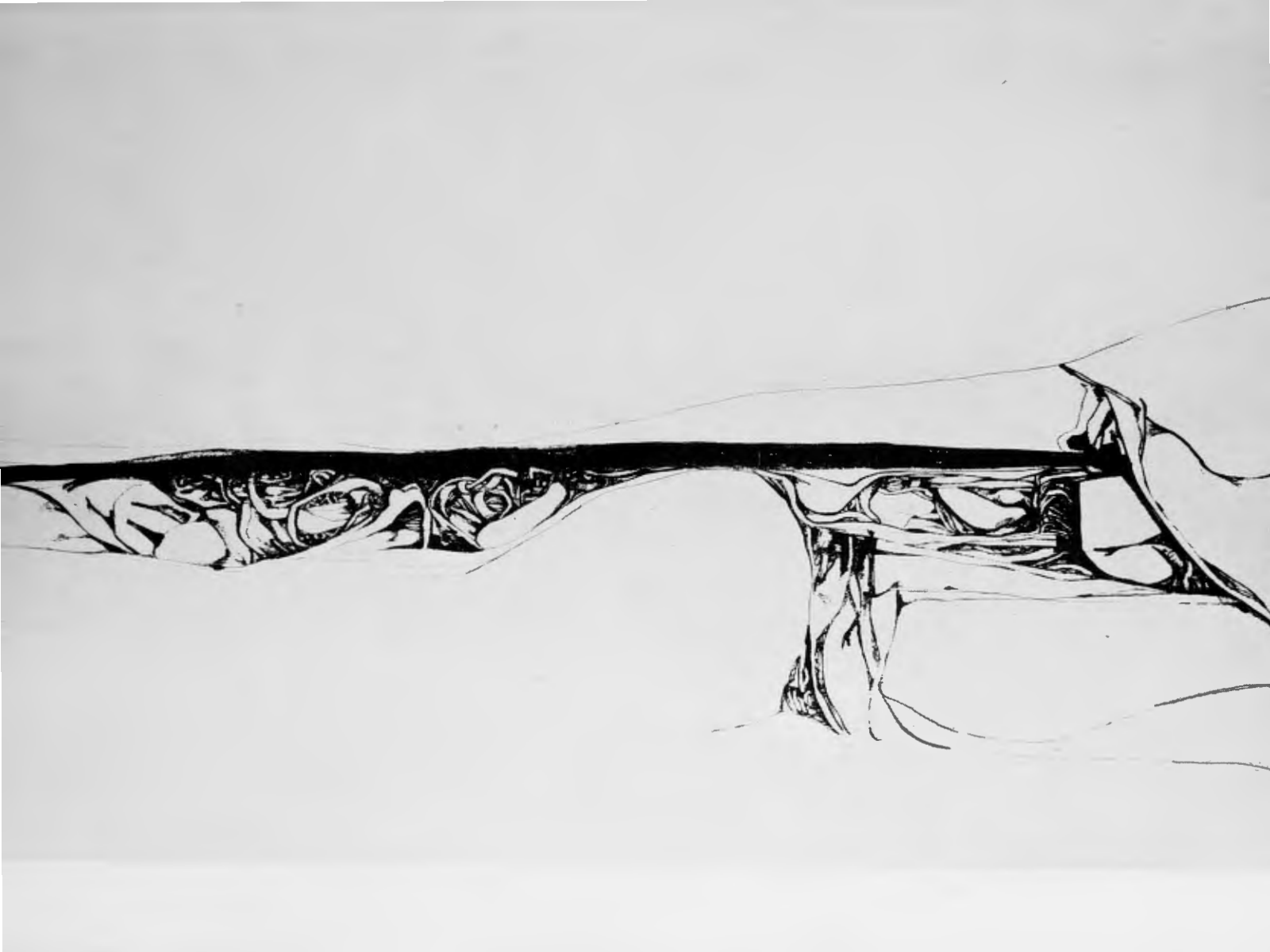
and not like anything
else.
The mind should crack
so easily, or also be
seen rising sheer

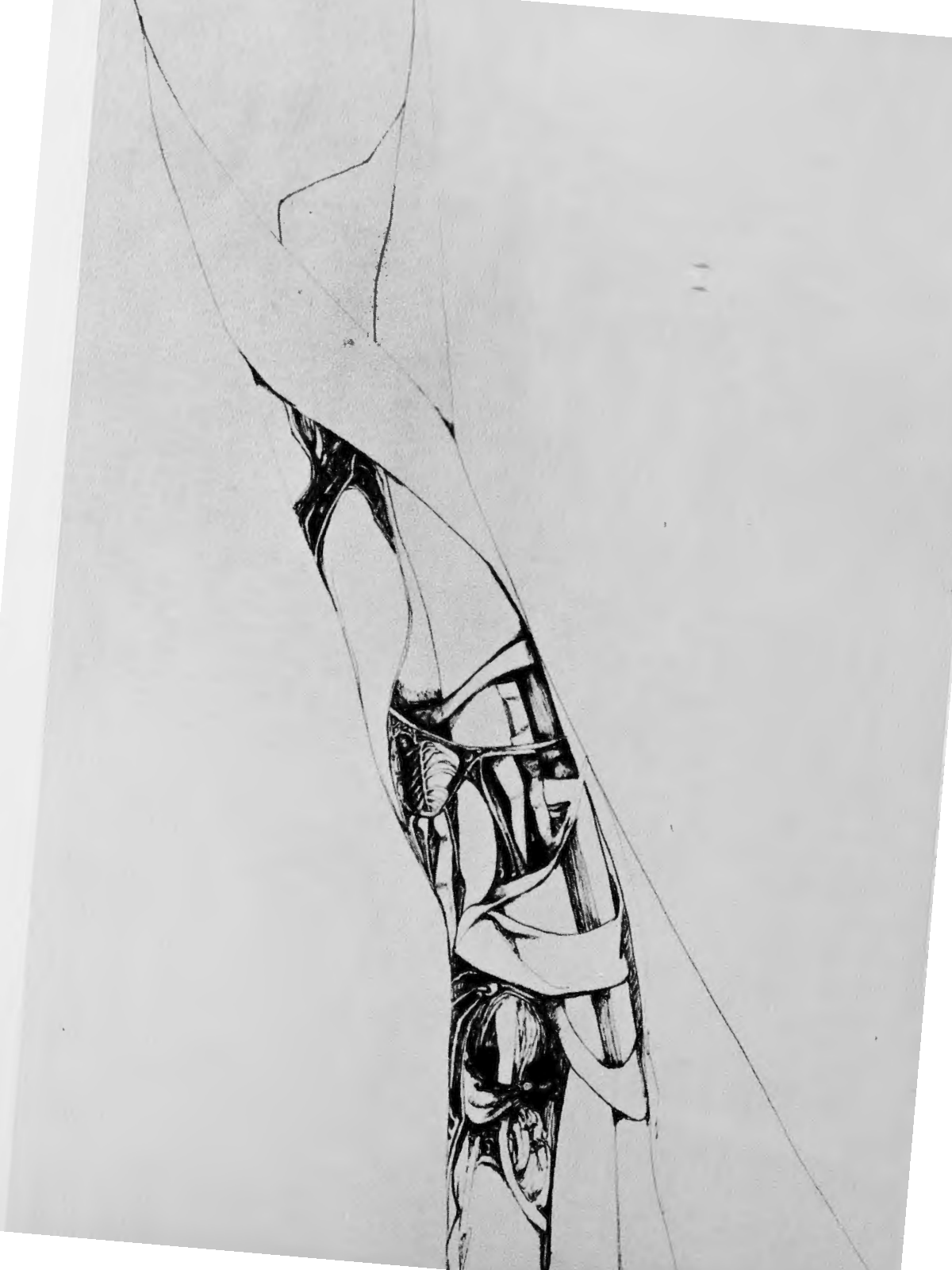
through, beyond limbs
leaning toward rooms,
the wood. The wood

of these rooms is a
province that infects me,
not enough of the flash
I saw of a man in

streaks of light half out onto
his roof, half not,

emptying a bottle, not enough of
what he went back for.





Clayton Eshleman:

OCTOBER NOTATIONS

Sawn ash room-divider, waiting for
Caryl to awake to stain, 8:30 Sunday
morning lookout to wall of green
glasswall like shoji, like first day
Ibuki home Kyoto,
that was 1963, now
its seven years later, still first day
how is it different without Japanese butterbur
in cinder by white warehouse
here a wall of green
glasswall like shoji look into my life
October
tho August, October a peasant digging, Rimbaud's
Adieu, his end of Christian trap
brought back to earth,
I see hiked ass of Van Gogh
sower,
no one has lifted her veil,
now the serious work
begins, at the end of summer
that selfless love that knows the work
be rooted in itself

it can feed on
'one soul, one body'

talk no more
kingship but tell the sower story

Since the work cannot be rooted in the world
Since there can be no "gathering of the tribes"
because the tribes rip at each other
because their work cannot be rooted in the world

Stan Brakhage, this is to you on your mountain
where you have for years sought to root your work
in blazing and visionary belief that roots extend down
thru the mountain, that tendrils reach the town --
but the town as all towns, as Enslin has written,
murders us in the end,
"in the end" I now hear as
tendril-end, the nervous puppy-like extent of
ourselves that seeks
is it twelve men, twelve elves
within the root-work to
bear our work to town, the
schist, what you believed was bedrock,
a people
who all of us now know
wish we would all die.

I am thinking of Vallejo leaving Peru for good in 1923
and my clear sense of it when I lived there in 1965 that
any Peruvian artist worth his salt got out before he was 30
or died, or came back like Heraud a revolutionary to get murdered
in the act of doing something he at least could stomach --

The State of October each who is in it
for the long haul goes thru, the end
of the "sophmore year"
the end of belief --

Don't you notice, my heart, after a morning struggling to
get a dial tone you drive, around noon, flooded with hatred &
self-reflections of genius --

Suddenly to find ourselves with Rimbaud
in October -- Peasants, and at the same time the Great Mother -- (no
one has lifted our veil --

My heart, what is well in me --
The work now, to line the well

--but I have no doubt to put it this way will feel like
acid on your tongue (I felt the cabin
where you and your five children make do;
they did not greet me this time I visited but
clung back, behind the door to their room &
you did not have to say
how it was (knowing
you are decent, that you
cannot kill

(I'll keep the door open
between your room and mine, not to
keep you up, but so we don't stop

In October
a girl with bleeding kneecaps came to you
In October
the Modern Museum of Art burned all your films
In October
a dog began to struggle thru your dream
In October
the revolutionaries stopped for icetea in your cabin
In October
you who have extended the film both horizontally & vertically
saw your work begin to spread like a red stain thru the maples
In October
a plate of milk wedged in the law of nature, your gift to me
In October
the Public School continued putting out your childrens' eyes
In October
you continued to stitch up your dismembered foetus
In October
the needle that is our point of attack, which is our God
and black spot, simply kept our minds alive
In October
friendship
In October
the black red railroad signal you were stopped before became
revolving coralsnakes & the translation that charged you
continued to be metaphor

30 August - 3 September, 1970
Los Angeles

Robert Kelly: (2 poems

LINGUISTICS

1.

That stirs the way of seeing it,
vocabulary
of a poor people
rich in iliads,
in things & defined acts
perceptions of use
in the brief daylight.

Any sane man hates the cold & dark.

Mihrab. Turn this way
(away from what you are),
pray
outside your geography.
The clock
will never be invented.

2.

Language of a besieged minority,
our words & theirs.

To build a house
first paint the door
blue, wall white. A box
of song birds at every door.

Greek islands. So when the killers
come to kill
you have a simple word to say
known only by those about to die.

The great secret
but you leave it to the singing birds to say.

3.

Only a high civilization
gets along without a word for cock.
Hesoid had one & now
we have three hundred
& none of them stand up.
Demography:
100 million penises
& one shrivelled ball.

If the world were a pooltable
I know who'd rack them up
& who'd get to break.
Some days I look out the window
it's like a history book
inevitable, leading to me.
And from this hour
let no sun set,
let me be with it away.
It's my job. I'll do it.
Just try to look like you know what I'm talking about

4.

if we could find a desert wider than this,
or choose the morning star

A change had happened
& a different language
poured through his throat---

" I'm home! This
is America, not that hot
banana continent
swarming with frightened men"

He had his hands together, loose,
& looked into the dark between them
where a little light came through
colored by his skin.
He watched
till stars came out
& gave them the names he loved
lifted off the map of the lost republic.

5.

Shining these words so that they cream for you
& spill unexpected breakfasts, that's
a work for Petronius or Strato, some
wild-eyed overcultured lastling
who's born the wrong year to be a hero
& grows up a sex fiend with a prose style.

A wiseman would know
whether we pioneer or degenerate,
& would base his collection
of modern first editions
on just such intuition
Uncle Hoo-Ha used to buy IBM in '49.

A knowledge of the future
is what the close
study of written texts provides,
given a reader
wise by natural sympathy:

in some book is recorded
each thing will ever happen.

These words now
are part of your future
(not just that I'll be there for breakfast)

& the least song
rimes with the end of the world.

13 - 18 August 70

IN MAHLER'S SLEEP

an archaic austerity
comes out of the ground

(bird skeleton, snake skeleton,
no redundancy)

comes out & confronts the sea.

*

& even the Cycladic vastnesses
were tricked to stand
unlimed,
the big rocks cut true
hang true,
courses of specific gravity,
each rock remembers
the kernel at the center of the earth,

is loyal to that energy. Affinity.

*

The sack that holds the sandman's sleep
is stitched of many birds, feathers still on,
beaks still on & they cry out,
source of the high-frequency terror
our throats try to imitate
at the gates of nightmare,
groan of ancient door
we struggle to keep closed.
Wake dry. Larynx tight.

Our waking
is the last articulation of the dream.

*

In Mahler's sleep the yellow houses
fill with wise peasants, dead sheep
hang near the ovens, summer evening
is coming, air pale, the picture
precise as a glass of wine.
Mice
wait outside the granary
for a saint's permission to enter & eat
---their whole lives this tiny hunger
never stops.
Women hurry into the tavern
dressed in many fashions---what can this mean?

A rabbi with a hardon
teaches the whole world,
bellows from his window
an ancient cockcrow
he learned from the heart of night.

*

By the stream almost dark now
the water lilies he thought they were
turn into a woman in green silk
who sits in the shallow water.
When he sees the sunset through her
he knows he's been tricked again,

once again his only friend is far away
travelling the emperor's road, dust, blue
distance, his only friend is
far away, he wakes with the distance in mind,

it stretches out, a definite number of
some measure, he's forgotten the number
& only brings to mind the direction:
the way the shadows point,
towards sunrise.

*

But morning is a crystal & a crystal is a stone.
A man lives three times longer than a hawk
but a bird can lead the man to the stone.

Trapped by the morning sky
the hawk falls out of his dream.

The austere thing is warm in his hand.

1 September 70

Brian McInerney: (4 poems

N Y C

with sound turned full
the words fall down,
noise

play
your hands
can
grasp each string

face,
to know what is wanted most
is

unmoved

ALONE

The woman uses her words
climbing near to me
far enough to reach
I'm coming calling
names leaving no trace

This is my house.
Inside it you can sit down
and wander with your eyes.
This is my home.
You may
touch
whatever you desire.

What do you Imagine?
I Imagine
what is here.
Do you know
this floor, have you
been suspended
below this ceiling?
Have you
touched my cat.
She is sacred, meaning
she holds within herself
the seed of this world.

Her body is this seed.

She will
come to you.
She will bear
my blood when she walks.

See my hand?
My fingers know no quivering,
silent as my words.

What do you fear?
Can you
name anything else
that is here?

PLAIN SONG

coming quietly, as
the lover's hand
reaches to a smiling face

gently, unafraid
to touch
all new born

so carefully

the mouth begins to motion
outward into
sun, sky

in the manner of a kiss
extended

August 8, 1970
San Francisco

Jackson Mac Low:

THAT MUSIC

Once I wrote a music
that jumped out of the language
into the jargon of the terrified
& the illusion of the ultimate totality.

The illusion of the ultimate totality
froze the music out of language
& left a terrified writer jumping
out of the jargon of this-hereness.

Out of the jargon of this-hereness
a terrified music left totality ultimate
--no illusion except in a jumpy writer's
frozen language of that-otherness.

Thou frozen language of that-otherness:
how totally may I write thee into a music
that ultimately jumps beyond all terror
melting all illusions & their jargons?

Melting, all illusions & their jargons
float in ultimate inwardness, totally musical,
singing unwritten language freeing
the terrified & the jumpy of their jumpiness.

The terrified & the jumpy in their jumpiness & terror
freeze into ultimate jargon's totally illusory music
the languages of "The Whole, That Other, and This-My-Self"
written in unending wavefronts of unfolding occasions.

Written in unending wavefronts, unfolding occasions
ultimately melt all languages' musical jargon
to total terror--as "This-My-Self" jumping away from
"That-(Frozen)-Other" floats freely into the Singing of the Whole.

Ah! Then does "That-(Frozen?)-Other," too, float freely into the Singing
of the Whole?
No terror's as total as the jargon of its illusions,
no jump as ultimate as that into music's languages,
no writing as melting as "That-Other" 's becoming "Thou" to "This-My-
Self."

No writing! Melting! "That-Other" 's becoming "Thou," & "This-My-
Self"
greets thee, Other, ultimately in music's total language
free of the jargon that freezes terror to the illusion of its being an illusion:
Ah! Photons of concern jump forth when "Others" melt to "Thou" s.

What photons of concern jump forth? When "Others" melt to "Thou" s
no written language's music's more than jargon
so total is illusion's ultimate loss when I & Thou
freely interweave in relations' present occasions.

Freely interweaving, relations' present occasions
write the music of ultimate total concern
in language free of jargon & of terror's jumpy illusions,
whose music once I wrote.

13-14 May 1964

Fielding Dawson:

WOW

The girl was God she was gorgeous mmmmmMUH! say about eighteen years old and I slid in next to her at the bar. 'Care for a drink?' I whispered, and she stared at some distant star and slowly blinked, and quietly said yes, like in memory a sophisticated spoiled girl yes, and added, 'A dry white wine, to fit my mood.' She glanced at my money and smiled mysteriously, focusing inward. 'Ice cold.'

I asked Graves if he had any Reisling and he said he didn't have any wine glasses; he filled a tall shell but she slowly said it didn't fit, mmmmm, eat her right off the half shell and she said she couldn't drink wine out of a shell glass, and then the busboy appeared with wine glasses and Graves switched and filled the wine glass to the brim, and as she picked it off the bar she said, 'It's too high,' and she laughed and whispered high, wow, focused on the glass and said, 'Man it's got to be a fifth of a inch down,' and closed her eyes and said between her teeth, down.

'So take a sip,' I said, and she frowned and took a sip, 'Thanks, yeah, it's better,' and took another sip and smiled, and suddenly looked like something twisted from out of the gutter, snarling, 'I'm up - don't bug me,' lips apart, I saw the movie queen's space between the two front teeth, I said I wouldn't dream of it and I cleared my throat and asked her how come she was here,

'Waiting for my girlfriend,' she kind of whispered, 'Um,' I murmured, 'When's she coming?'

'Huh?'

'It's ten thirty.'

'Oh shit, too early,' and as if startled, 'Hey - does this place come awake?'

Then, as if someone had spoken, was she afraid? 'Do you have a dime?'

I gave her a dime, and she closed her fist around it and walked away

into the crowd towards the telephone booths beyond, passing tables filled with people eating supper, boy she was all young and full, ripe, and in a way that was strange, International in an American girl way, almost beautiful in a pale plainness, yet she was built so as she moved each part had weight and warmth and in under her long tangled hair, and tight pants, it was her blood, not her beauty, was why I licked my lips and sipped my vodka, and while chattering with Graves I saw the apple-plum juicey she-girl come back, and standing close to me whispered did I have a quarter? which I gave her, and she held her hand out to an invisible post, blinking her eyes, and then focusing and finding balance, she made her way between standing drinking bodies toward the jukebox and she came right back.

'Jesus,' she said softly, and with a look that just nicked my ear, she said, 'I couldn't find it;' and scratched her cheek like it was a piece of wood.

'Blood Sweat and Tears,' I said. 'J4.'

She formed a question, I was a little cumbersome, and she gave me the quarter. 'Please.'

'No,' I argued. 'We'll do it together.'

And we moved through the crowd to the jukebox and as I pushed J4 she said it was too much and turned to go back to the bar, but I took her hand and pulled her back and said Look, and she said something abstract which I didn't understand, I pushed V7 We'll Try A Little Bit Harder, and we went back to the bar which was really crowded, and in luck found our spot -- the service end where Graves was serving the waitresses -- open, strangely, like an oasis, with the whole mob behind my back, and she and I were face to face.

A photographer's agent leaned close and whispered You're talking too much, fuck her. I tilted back saying Yes of course I will, for Christ's sake don't be obvious.

I watched her take a solid drink, and Graves leaned across and asked us if we would have one with Mister Huston, which made me laugh, and Graves and I began to laugh and she looked at me as if I put ice down her back, she made a little outcry, and shivered and muttered oh man wow Jesus and finished the glass of wine and pushed it across as Graves shoved me a Russian vodka on the rocks and filled her glass to the brim and said that's on Mister Huston, stoned again; she and I raised our glasses,

and sipped. I murmured,

'Where're you from?'

'Florida. Don't bug me.'

'Sorry. Florida?'

'Gimme a cigarette.'

'I was in Florida once; Key West.'

She puffed on the light I gave her, her eyes held a kind of stained ink-blotter quality, and she sneezed. I gave her my handkerchief, and took her arm as she blew her nose I put my mouth to her neck in her hair and as I whispered, 'Listen, I live just around the corner,' she shouldered me away and looked at me as if I had flunked the test. 'Don't touch me. I hate to be touched.'

'Oh yeah?'

'Yeah,' she smiled, and then sneered, lips wrinkling again, 'You took it the wrong way.'

'Well,' I said, 'I'd love to fuck you.'

'Yeahh,' she said. 'It's only now,' and she ran her hands around her face and rumpled her hair, and looked at me with a malicious smile: 'I give good head.'

'Yes,' I said. 'I believe,' and went all the way over. 'I will touch you and please you,' (I had a little compulsion in there) 'I will touch you warmly,' and heart pounding I said, savagely, 'I will fuck you deep.'

Then, wildly, I cried, 'Let's go to my place and fuck!'

I leaned close, and whispered in her ear, 'Come with me. Fuck.'

I drew back.

She pursed her lips and glanced at me. 'I dig chicks.'

'Me too,' I growled - argggh. 'Dig.'

'Yeah,' she blinked, ' but not like me.'

'Let's fuck.'

She sipped wine, and said, 'Look, huh? The chick I'm waiting for is one of two, okay and where's the action in this dump? Where are those movie stars? Where are those famous guys you hear about?' She took a long slug and looked at me and focused, and frowned, smacked my arm, and almost spitting,

'Where are all those famous CHICKS I read about! Show me!'

She gestured as if to demolish the place: 'I want to see the famous CHICKS - AND THE CATS!'

'You and me,' I siad. 'Let's fuck. What's your name?'

'Not yours, wise ass, no,' she chuckled. 'Michele,' and she laughed, 'space, wow,' and took my hand, 'hey,' shook her and whispered, 'Jesus.'

'Aw come on let's fuck,' I said angrily. 'I dig you.'

A flush rose, a spark flickered, but she shoved it back and blinked it out - 'Gimme a dime?'

I went to her as she backed away with her hand out, yet swiftly, my hand was on the nape of her neck, 'Come, fuck,' my eyes were visionary and blazing, and when she raised her eyes to meet them I caught and held the inner girl who wanted to be held and fucked, and fuck back - in the thunderclap of the In Way Out and she became self-conscious - I saw the inner girl get shoved, thrown, down while the outer girl actualized into high plain and pale flat white, and her hair, long and tangled woodbrown, was only something that grew out of her skull, dullfurry: Give me a dime, Mister, I want to call my chick.

I glared at her.

She came to me blending warmly, 'Look, I dig chicks. I mean I like to fuck chicks. I give good head. It doesn't mean I hate men - you - it means I like what I like, okay? No hard feelings. I dig you. But no. Okay? Gimme a dime.'

'There are Lesbians I love,' I said, and she looked at me boldly conquering the sweet spirit, in the changeling's smirk of self conquest, and with my dime in her hand she disappeared into the crowd.

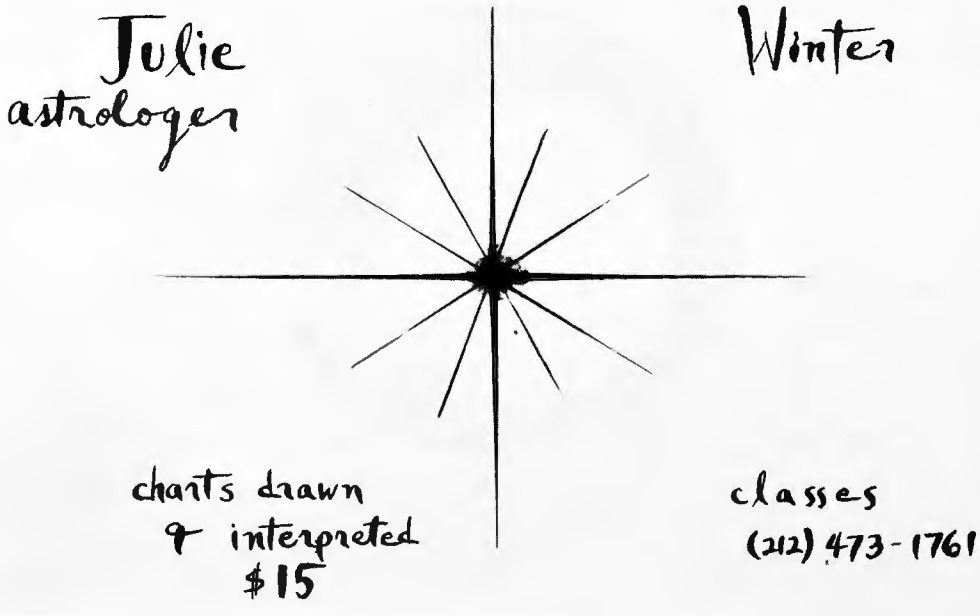
Waiting, there I was. Staring into space when I saw the blur spin across the floor, and crystallize into a figure at my side, holding its girl-face darkly, like a high prize, almost yelling,

'Oh man, listen I got my chick and she says there's this chick that came up from Florida to see me, hey me! I fucked that chick in Tallahassee in Sixty Six she was twelve and I TOOK HER A PART - so I gotta GO, I gotta SPLIT TO MY FLORIDA CHICK, see you LATER, MAN - '

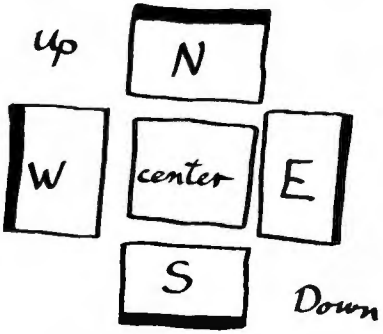
Graves was laughing as he poured some more vodka in my glass, and I looked at him. 'Come on,' he grinned, 'you need it.'

I gave him a kind of copperhead look, and he, quickly, muttered unh, 'Yeah, sorry,' and nodded. 'Maybe we both do. Boy.'

He poured a short shell half full of rye, and drank it, and chased it with beer, while I sipped vodka, and for a minute or two neither of us said anything.



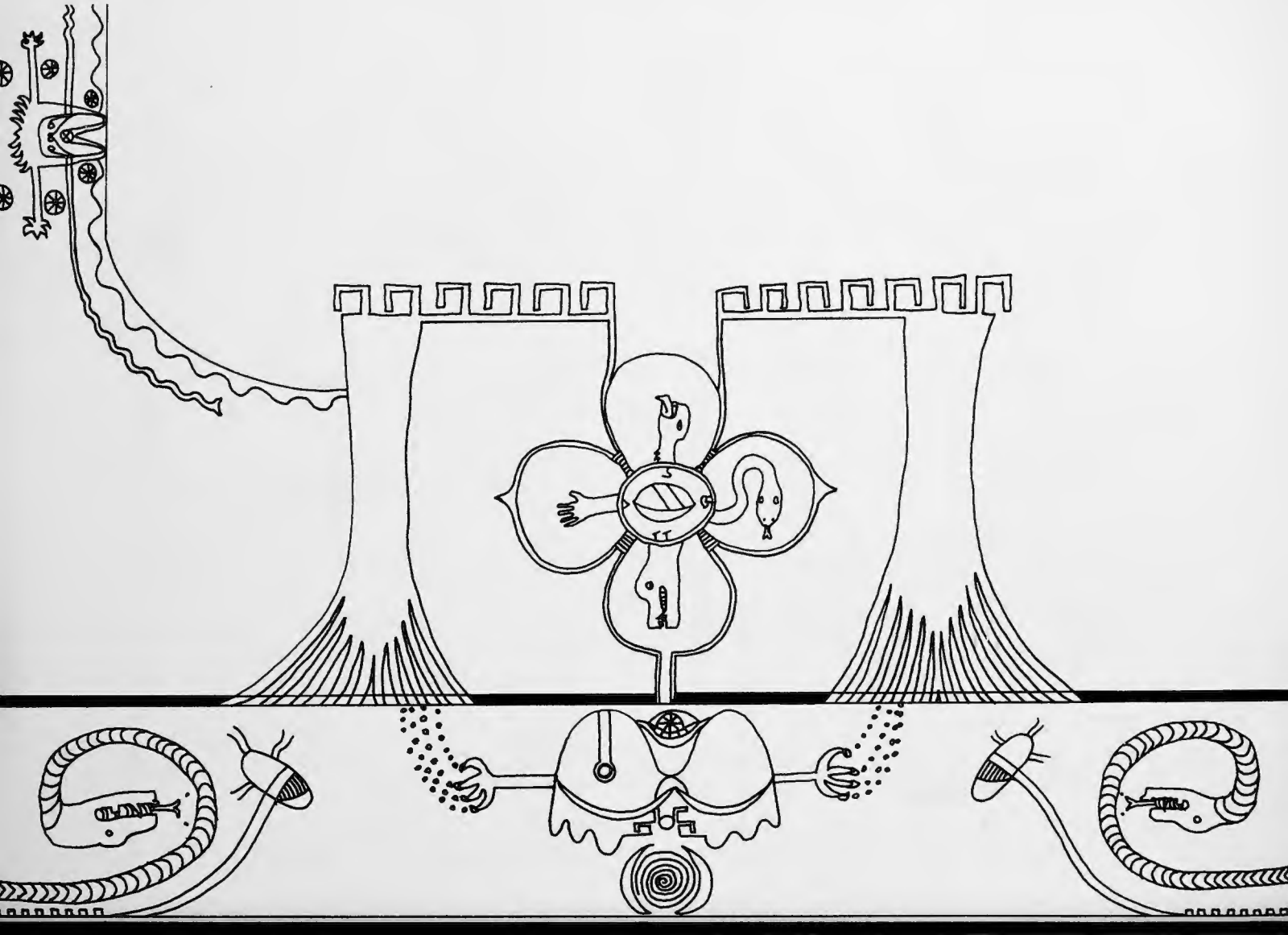
Larry Goodell



for Joel Ai Rainbow born 7 November 1969

Lenore L Schwartz Goodell

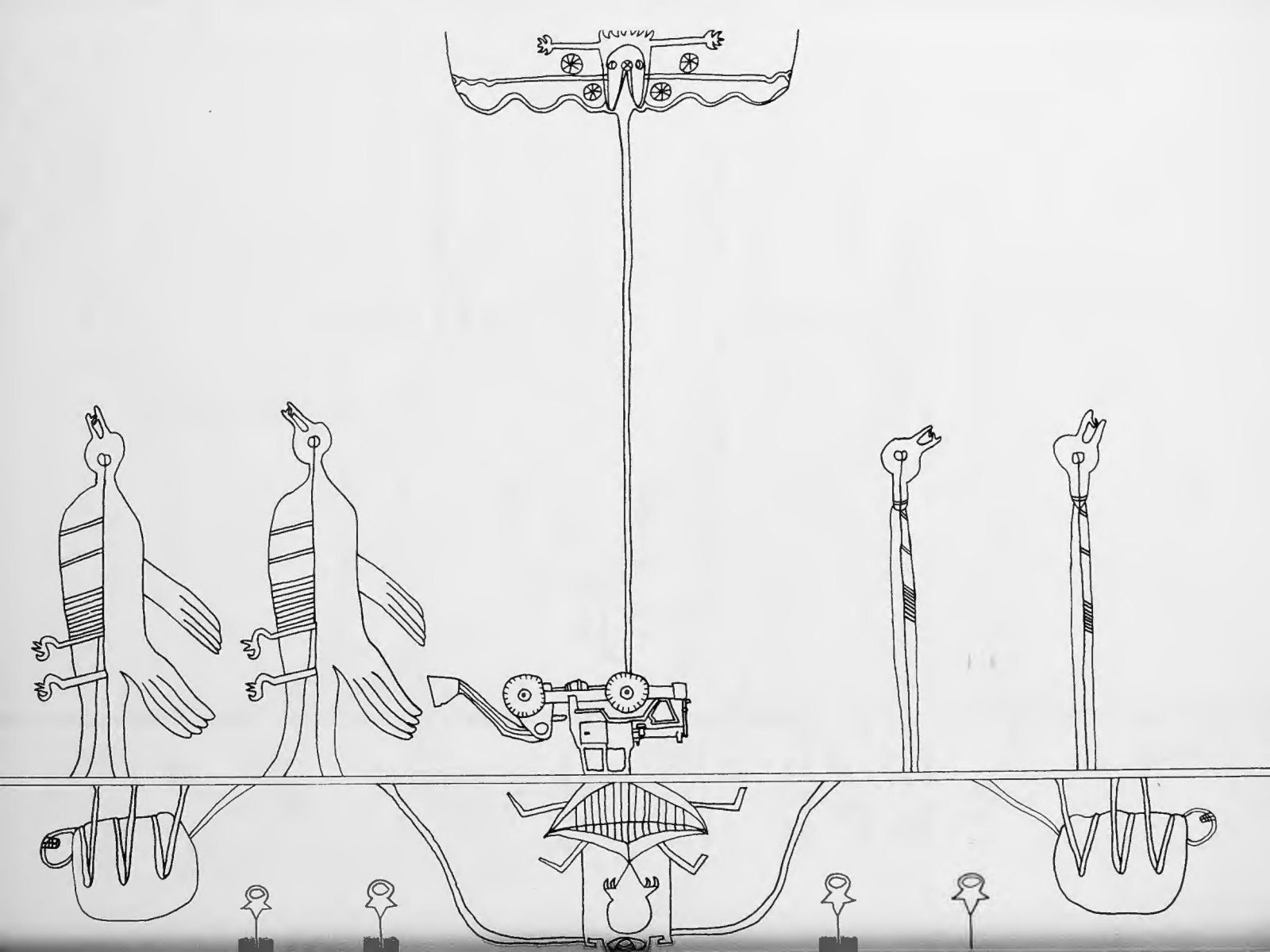
5 Drawings: Mandala for an Aztec Rainbow



MEDITATION TOWARD THE NORTH

great lovely spaces in the void I sit down on the ground on
look in time to pumpkin music to the peaches in the window
sit down on ground on the pebbles straight down my nose
destroyed the whole communion with the devil destroy the devil
comes up under me the earth that holds me
who scrawny legs cant sit like a lotus
my dog comes up & understands thunder overhead
Ive lived here so long because this is a lovely place
if my father wd take 5 minutes out to sit on the ground not
on the grass
he might hear this sound of orisons chanting out my asshole
morning glory spirals getting ready to bloom
scarlet runners coming out in bean pods
I face north
& hear at my right elbow
to the East
if I turned there
the wall of adobe wd sail under me lift me on the carpet
to nowhere

/Aug69
Placitas New Mexico



MEDITATION TOWARDS THE WEST

thru the bushes & into the trees a bird what lights on his wings
what bird ?
my back is where the Sun is going thru the cholla cactus
tree-of-heaven bushes false ragweed my old patched jeans hit
& the dog comes up under the big cottonwood
where I sit on a rotted log he sniffs

immediacy
is half accuracy where details multidistant are entered close
a honey bee above me as the dog sniffs thru old leaves

I sit
in a mass jungle where water sits when it is here falling
from the slopes of pinon-juniper that rise to the South
conical evergreens up on the peak there

derision in the small jet over my shoulder shedding down noise
vibrato my wiry-hair shadows on the page as I write

sets
the 'scene' the secret beyond the secret 2nd stage of initiation
bla bla bla there is no meditation towards the West

when I sat down the pen wdnt work & when I got one that did
things crossed out circled means to me
a conscious intervention which is at cross ends
with anything I know of the voice that you can trust now.

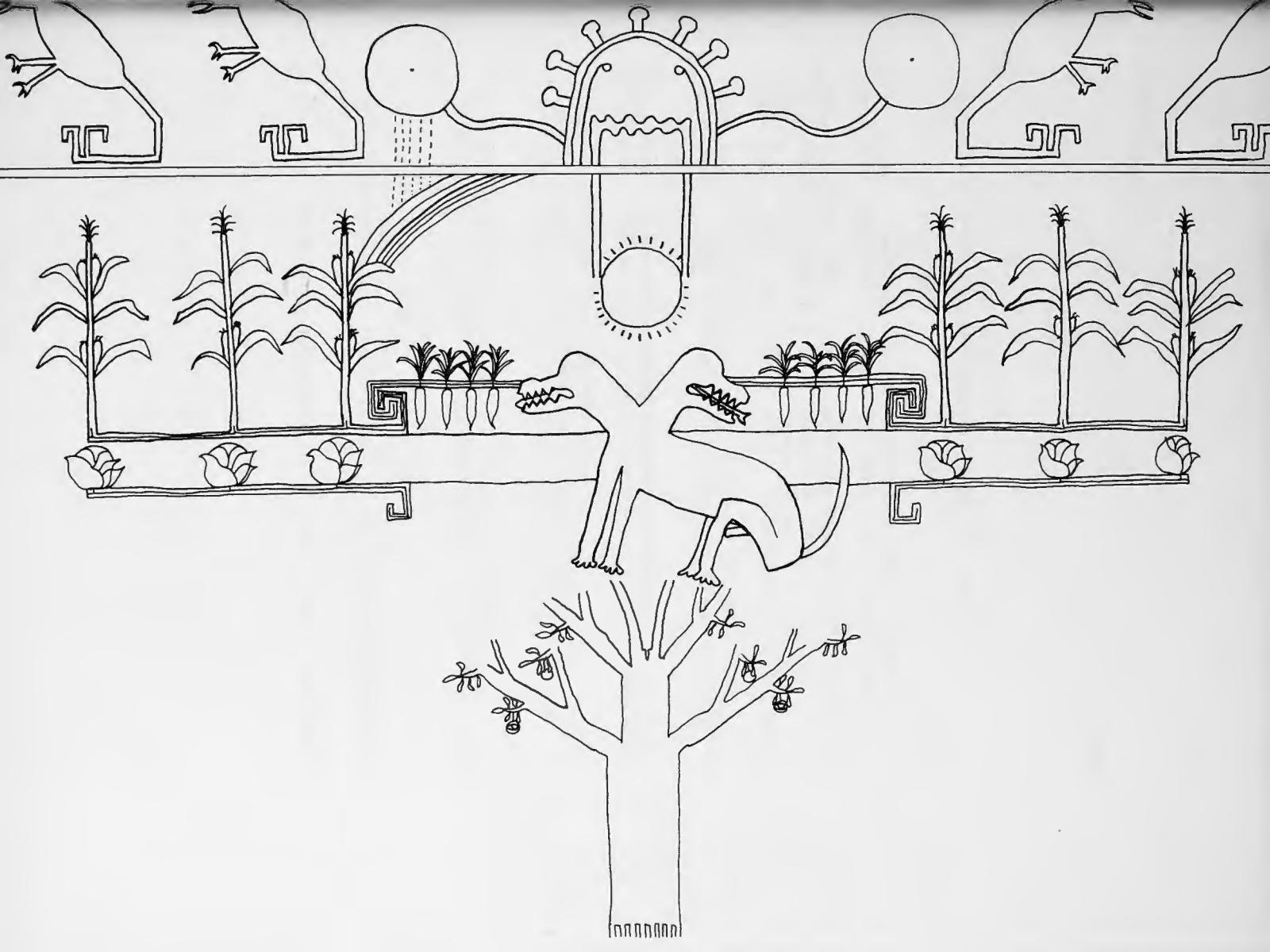
take it the ecology tilts the range under the honey bee
is limited before the medicine man shrinks back dries up buried

which one

there is no meditation other than a warped ecology

*

/18Sep



TOWARDS THE SOUTH

where the Sun is going I am going here's what we found
a Woman 8 months pregnant opens the refrigerator door
pours some orange juice closes the refrigerator door.
comes into this room goes back out undresses on the bed
clothes hit the floor the bed makes noises it is raining
.
at any point I can go in & join her experience is a soft lie

we allow the snake to enter easily
  at what point
do I find him
  Tetra
grammaton
  a 4 letter word
for God
  pushed pushed
  Pushkin
was right
  & the oldest story of all
escaped him
  right answer
to right answer
  I include in my audience 3 Navajo
rugs
  & one done
on a Spanish loom 1875.

it was wrong for you to say Dont touch me
when I only reached out & slapped yr shoulder
who is you in this occasion ?
  he
is a friend that appeared out of the penitentiary & to stop any
further embarrassment I say

  3
things

1. there is no definition in spite of some dictionaries 'noble efforts'
2. Snyder is wrong there is no authority
3. 'intelligence is the only aristocracy' Creeley said to me
  & 4.
something was added & it was further difficulties in trying to live
this life
'life spills out'
  all their
belongings.

the instant is come into me that is pray for rain have fun do a thing
think of orgasm steal a cow burn yr 1st grade reader
tell Dick & Jane about Michael & Carl

I remember it because it is near

she breathes heavy one time I know she is reading in bed
the rain is pellets on the roof quiet
there is no interruption & maximum effort is possible

what
shall

I do.

go

to bed.
love
comes back the rainbow we saw today from the roof doubled
'do you think there's a pot of gold there'
there's one here I said I dont know about there

our history is complex our origin obscure our pregnancy
warrented
that is

on this occasion I verify my existence with dried up sunflower heads
chile turning brilliant live red on the bushes acorn squash zucchini
cherry tomatoes & beefsteak tomatoes green beans for dinner
dried cornstalks okra a few at a time
cantaloupe pumpkin just about ripe caster beans
scarlet runner beans carrots morning glories
I love you a bushel & a peck
summer savory with little purple flowers that glow under cloudy skies
sweet
marjoram, parsley, oregano, a little thyme
lots
of dill coriander
naming of delicious
presences.

the

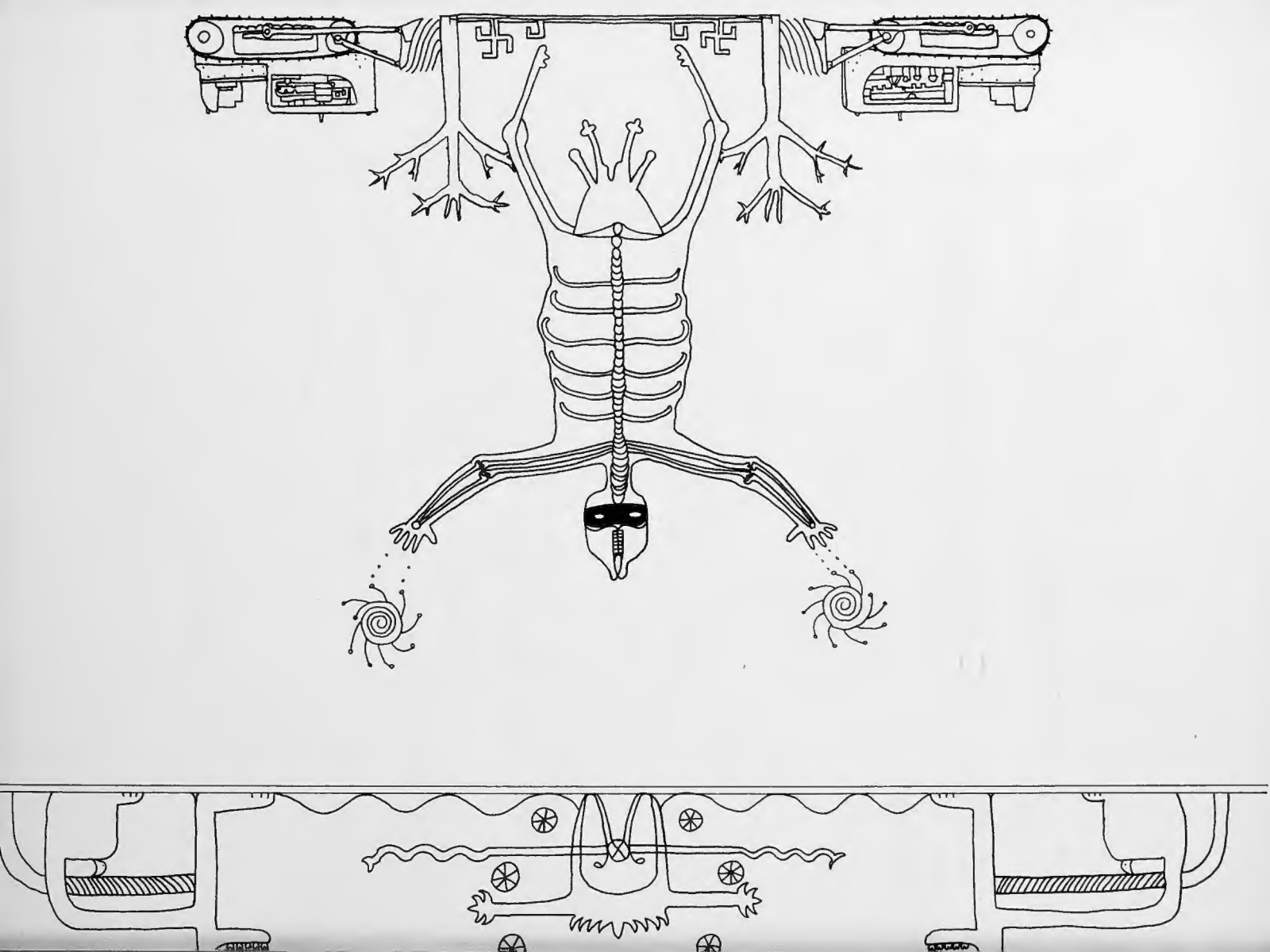
rain

the

cat just came in after being gone all day
&
night. I scratched his chin he wanted it before he even
went in to eat his chicken bones & cat food.
he's wet.

eating now.
time to take a piss from the beer at the Thunderbird & the rain
picks up & fart from the pinto beans we had with chicken dinner
&
go to bed.

/21Sep



MEDITATION TOWARDS THE EAST

back to back seahorse to seahorse scorpion to scorpion era to era

skeleton to skeleton way to way hour to hour tomb to tomb
(to toomie-bomb) --echo in the chamber
bomb to bomb in ground to ground EX
PLO!
burn to burn the ring of fire in the middle of the night shoe to shoe
dance to dance beer to beer product to product America to America
old tired magic fable America
speaks
it may be yr best friend knockin on yr door
it may be yr brother you will never know
stand over you till you have finished dying .the General speaks
AUSCHWITZ NEVER EXISTED YR MURDER IS MY CROWN
turns into W.C. Fields pursuing Mae West on some private frontier
that's where we played as a child but when we really were children we gave up-
adult games
now we're pacified

REVOLUTION IN ICEBERG MANOR.

blues to blues rambler to rambler open sewer to open sewer
clean head to clean head suffragette to suffragette woman-hater to woman-hater
man to woman fire to fortress spoke to spoke hub to hub mother to mother
that's all knowing now
.
cow to cow despairing sister to despairing sister paired to wisdom
put yr arms around me like a circle round the sun pretty mama dont you tell on me
when Death comes steppin in the room
..... to .... to .... to .... to .....
etc.*
it's so easy to know who yr dog is if he doesnt come up to you.
sliding off the surface no grounding visible nor language appropriate
contraction to contraction relax to relax Lamaze method of preparing
for childbirth slow breathing panting blowing & panting
when the cervix is dilated 5 fingers (10 centimeters)
pushing
the baby
out

*improvise

/23Sep

UP

Up where the fly crawls I mistake it for an eagle
the roof flies over my head ☽ in ♊
if I extend my hands up that far can I fly 'take one giant step'
trip over the binoculars stir up a sine wave
introduce a mechanism that will open doors
October I greet you with weak knees a prick for a skeleton key
a wife who did it opened up some now lying pregnant with
3000 hours of flying time under her belt
I tell you whole worlds move there if you turn out the light
especially.
I'll give you something to laugh about tickle
/
the laughter at the heart of darkness nothing gained nothing lost center-
nothing of things
where everything is flying up cut out another light

dream/
a machine is tearing around the landscape picking up other machines & stacking-
them on top itself then discovers me I run around it chases
trying to dump them on me I raise my arms & fly slow but sure up
now usually up here there's nobody else but Ive been thinking about that in-
waking life & it seems there is this loud paper bird flying up here with me
& kind of in cahoots with that machine making rattling noises & snapping at me-
as I fly
*
point 1 do things happen so that poems will get made ?
point 2 if they didnt happen poems wdnt get made
point 3 who cares up here what yr waking life will be
point 4 where am I ?

distinctly heard, a cracking rattling bird tan with black splotches on it not
an eagle not
a time gone by but now of distinct place superimposed along my line of sight-
both above & below this page I type on flying type dual leanto sights
each typeface hits between focus point 5 THE NATION WILL COLLAPSE IF-
GIVEN SUFFICIENT REASON TO DO SO I shout in capital letters
& go out musing on the druid hearts left on some rock for birds to pick at
black bird tearing at the heart
sufficient roving of the mind-flash as finger on the forehead wrinkle wrinkles-
the cosmos cosmetic of her face my wife who doesnt use any sees thru
oblivion that is
god that is
nature sufficient to be called nature therefore the term no longer applies
Emerson turned a deaf ear to the big black sticky prick that rose up out of the-
swamp immediately to the left of his woodlot Thoreau at least stepped in it
Whitman dreamed around it Ginsberg applied it hard

end of lit/crit

crickets outside wind thru the leaves my wife's deep breathing
place me on this mountain side giant gentle slope of luxuriant east Sandias
meets the rugged drop of faulted west Sandias right at this canyon
I stride it where it rolls out down to the River
the other night a bat was catching moths at the window
the other day two birds I thot were eagles rose teetering with/against the wind
in spirals above me here over Blackhawk Canyon up & up
to get up to where their nests were or their nest
in the rocks in North Sandia Peak ?

/10ct

DOWN

in the movements cycles confluence juxtapositions what motion
is primary
the galaxy's ? toward Canes Venatici 160 thousand miles per hour
moving us moving them
what river of paradise
what friend
(Ken in a letter just today 'three creeks, three friends'
'I have been brot to, I have been shown')
what plateau
I get down onto here
thru 6 levels walking today in Vietnam Moratorium with
over 3000 DOWN Central toward the River
down to the park
squeezed in pie-slice park between Central & downtown buildings
the Downtowner Motor Inn the staff & some men in suits
leaning on the rails different floors up
what level am I brot to ?

there were little kids around us walking as we walked
a wagon a little kid pulling
my arm around Lenore pregnant expecting
RIGHT NOW
I told the friends behind us
it's easier carrying it that way Roz said to Lenore carrying her newborn

which is to say the American fault is the big manhole we all fell into &
the people on the sidewalks overhead looking down & around us
laughed
what circle of envy

nonproductive except to piss out the beer drank
garlands of friends enchained in
abusive jokes put-downs
& they all fell into the manhole ha-ha-ha
echoing up from there with alligators too ?

there was no hole they fell into
I am answering back to the echo that I gain it
ride with it carries me
ripples to the River
what manner of man am I

the River we walked towards carrying banners etc.
stopped short of, gathering in the park around speakers & music
I keep on going

down 6 levels down to multicolored floral centerpiece dropped I say
dropped thru the center of the big white table
the hostess & startled guests gaped at the smoking hole there

silently I come up on you do things like that
wherever you walk water
& you slip around
AS
(you know, after being 'brot to' you begin it again to know)
you are moving
scattered atoms raisins in a pudding rising in the oven
my astronomy teacher
used to point out
*

there are 3000 disks in Paradise all of them shining
& the edges of disorder crumbling

& the Rivers meet & gorge themselves in appetite of flesh

therefore fountains out & sings in union of the flesh
what manner of man am I
what level are we onter
what motion

is primary
Lenore up after her nap moving around in the kitchen
the red glass the candle in it fluttering

in the car today going East towards the Mountain
& the Earth-Sun-Galaxy movement
what manner of men
that put down all they know
which isnt much
we were marching/walking & there WAS a hole under us & we did fall in
& the River was below
6 levels 6 directions down on a plateau which sinks below

when it sinks here in Placitas
it is high there in Berkeley
the one River I know that rises in the landscape North to Los Alamos
& cold to Colorado the source

what river of movement gone South to the Gulf
or West friends draw to the foamy edge of some sea
foams out from my head the arcs (flags feathers serpents great
rays)
I walk so fast my aura bends
foams out
pst!
West & meets the ocean that real one I know is out there
friends wading in the mutual meeting of paradise you see
manner of men you never knew existed with strange banners & emblems
strange embroidery & shops with masks, a crown, hippy disguises
men who paint themselves

& chant in unison
(CO-AT-LEE-KWAY)
we have come down from the sky you almost always hear an airplane
8000 times more than you see an Eagle
& it came down that far to get here

the River of Paradise the grand river
told to me a hundred times before I knew it & again
known a hundred times before I told it

in the dinner cooking in the kitchen
the bottom falls out & you walk on ground solidly the first time
at the same time

COATLIQUE
goddess of the serpent skirt
the Aztec mother of the Sun, the Moon & 400 Stars
lost somewhere in her skirts
I chant painted up in a circle of my tribesmen
from where we are Oregon California & New Mexico
sing the slogan popular song I got a ditty
pretty...

friends somehow on the edge of water rivers the ocean
we share in same substance
lost in the serpent skirts the serpents spread out over the earth
& it is
an imaginary one

& Coatlique has two serpents for a head & they touch (rammed into)
each other head on & together they make a FACE
which looks out at you 12 tons of goddess
severed hands & hearts serpent hands arms clawed feet
a skull on her belt in the very center of her

& this object is real.
the brown rice & vegetables on the table water from the underground spring
soy sauce
what manner of men has entered to dance

the spring that comes up from my stomach & I walk on
the actual park we were in with those people glad to be together
the high that is someone else's low or place to place
meeting at the water's edge to meeting at the water's edge

the very manner of my living here perched on sloped ground
by our garden & the spring after sunset halfway thru October
the sky silver blue thru the window & just slowly dancing leaves
still on the trees
to the River
sloped down
that runs upside down under the earth & supports the branches where her claws rest

/15Oct

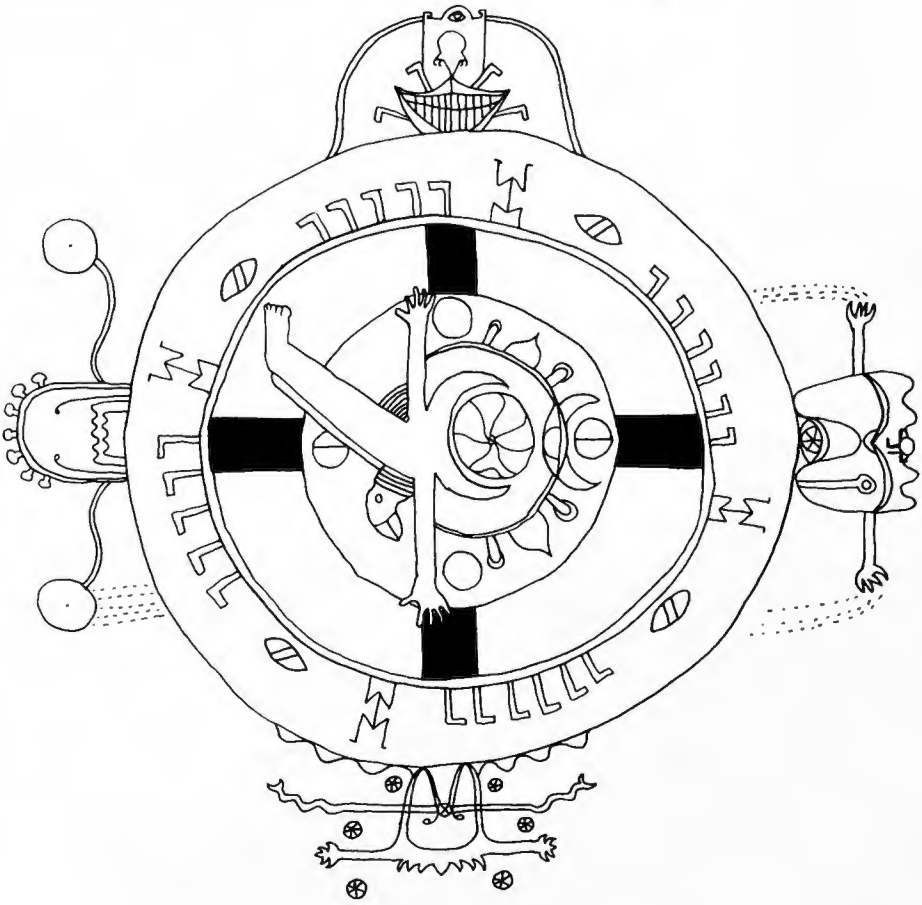
CENTER

denying what is open I held on to the linkage heard the dog gnawing on-
a bone outside Flag, our dog black & white the flag of our country
the horizontal universe recognized 5 directions, the 4 cardinal points &
the center the Fire God controlled the central zone
Xiuhtecuhtli, Lord of the Year, the Grass, & the Turquoise
also known as Huehueteotl, the Old God, perhaps the earliest of the Mexican
gods of the central plateau (Vaillant)
heard the god gnawing on a bone outside the fire centered me & burned me out
the old cold stove in this room hanging out from the mountain
where Blackhawk Canyon reigned -&- fell the levels of close hills
that lift up to the secretmost canyon up to the mountain
where the old scar of scaled rock is the eye of it
that hidden shelter has nt surfaced yet -&- the snow in the form of
tiny cauliflowers blows down thru the levels of the canyon
where we came onto a mountain green rattlesnake
sunning undisturbed by the water
-&- in another canyon leading to it where rocks -&- jutting cedars
kept us out something stung our legs -&- arms
the poisonous plant we cdnt find out what it was
stinging prickling in our skin we made our way back

with the center stinging fire the eye the green snake came from
staring cold shoulder of this mountain they build their giant
discordant houses closer -&- closer the other side
Albuquerque where I dont have to look

but how much longer

a son is born we being here digesting artifacts from the mountain
giving birth to it in Albuquerque 17 hours of rocks in turmoil
madhatter nurses spade doctor wife
Lenore I held her up when she pushed pushed
-&- wheeled to delivery room putting on gowns
-&- with her antiseptic dressed pushing it out
gurgle Joel Ai Rainbow



*
back home we center in the longing
hours before the wood stove
the piñon blest

confusion-&-distraction like gods taking arms
kill each other by mistake-&-I pick up the single thread

the center where the dog was the fire from both the heaters the butane flows
where anything was posole beans my wife covers up & eats the baby quiet
but awake where anything was the only thing that warms this front room
the wood stove the ashes in it cold the center where the Fire God sleeps
what joy in new being destruction of words distraction flat busted
gray clouds moving out from the canyon, the mountain whore friends were here
warm & we had ghastly pink champagne gift from the Thunderbird & we knew
they know when theyre selling poison or shattering glass in the neighboring-
houses with explosives or turning the river into moving sewage
a new baby here son sun soon soon seen we saw the rainbow spilling down
out from this place north onto the hill I see from this window
& the one ugly house you can see from here bathed in the delivery with them
marching nearer their boots are on the ceiling & their cocks are on the floor
we wd adore them if we thot they werent human but only human Come in
this kiva pardon room pardon ruin

hello

giving what is going out to open open to denying
opening denying the feeling of it center the dried bit
of umbilical falling off Rainbow
Joel Ai Rainbow

hello
linking back where there is no linkage the ever wonder world down bitten-
poisonous that catches you in the canyon hurls you back I'm speaking of myself
& ever the process of the hidden canyon, cavern, shelter mood mode uncovered
the secret is the secret is the keeping of the secret
lifting up
to the center of the stove old-timey stove with stovepipe going up thru
the ceiling where I built it & the name of the Fire God is present
centered in there when I build it warm going on reentered from my cold legs
the bedroom & the baby my wife reading The Return of the King Gandalf
big cat sleeping in the chair by the butane heater & me due
in 45 minutes around the mountain by way of Interstate 25 in Albuquerque
to take a Spanish test

/17Nov

Jerome Rothenberg:

THE MURDER INCORPORATED SUTRA

for Robert Kelly

Pincus Tavern
which Kelly passed
as schoolboy den
of murderers or den of Jews
as murderers
no Benya Kriks he says
but bad guys simply
rotten
in the way America
disposes though I pretend
other Pincus Taverns meetingplaces of one-eyed
hand in caftan hardcocked
Jewish bandits
beautiful men of noses enlarged with purple veins
of still-curled earlocks from childhood
who dared to cross the border in three coats
watchbands laid out from wrist to shoulders
but beardless could whistle
lost messages in secret Jewish code
meaning
" the Tsar's asshole smells of vinegar" etcetera
& were obliged to wield knives not only
to cut a notch off a salami
but slit a windpipe
spreading his blood across

the merchant's vest or seeing
pictures in it
of rabbis with hardons unheard of
in the secular world
real to their perceptions who were
brothel Jews & inn-
keepers
expert in management of taverns
where most would let the Polacks
drink but took a piece
themselves if pressed to it
even would suck each other off
in Polish prisons
from there to Brooklyn emanations
made the journey sought
Golden Kingdoms
at the corner of Stone & Sutter
(Kelly thought) some lounged
in doorways improbable murderous Litvaks
with names like Lepke Gurrah "Dutch Schultz" Rothstein
Lansky Siegel
would drive wing'd cadillacs
with wraparound chrome exteriors of nineteen-thirty-one
to banquets on high holidays
eating turkey chicken goose with mushrooms
" a fish soup on which floated lakes of lemon juice"
drank velvety madeira booze from Canada cigars of J. P. Morgan
sniffed cocaine sucked oranges
or dropped peels into their vodka
would wear a deluxe striped suit made of english navy
but with a head for business
Jews moved past el trains blasting tommy guns
other Jews made movies
ran after black girls did a buck & wing
for Roman gangsters
toasted their mothers with hunky wines
that smelled of sun & bedbugs

of which the father of the dead man wrote in journal
" my child brings solace to a heavy heart
" his intense physicality
" not Jewish truly but tendering a dream of
" strength resilience broken promises
" a horsecock strapped between his legs
" in tribute & my secret joy too
" seeing his dead frame surrounded
" by a thousand blossoms roses of old Poland
" a choir like the Warsaw Synagogue
" led by Sirota bursts into songs of angels
" flashbulbs from fifty cameras pop
" blinding the humble button operators workers
" in black jackets & silk lapels some
" with yellow shoes milk-stained wives outclassed
" outdistanced by that stud in coffin
" whose hair pasted back still smells of
" whorehouse evenings along Atlantic Avenue
" not Moldavanka mad Odessa nights
" remembered the enforcers lift his coffin
" sweat stains the armpits of orange-colored suits
" strawberry vests blue leather shoes
" & under the shirtcuff of the murdered son
" a diamond-studded bracelet" thus
Babel or an uncle
might have written though the flesh
retreats from these as other
killers Jews who frightened the round-cheeked schoolboy
with gangster visions of concrete
bodies into Catskill lakes
their fathers stood above & threw
lint from old pockets into
praying for joy deliverance
from America the beautiful
oppressor riding in white convertible
up streets of Brownsville
the eagle of the golden States hooked on his arm

& hungry diving
on faces that he hates
of Jew & Gentile
first searches their hearts for " freedom"
& the happy buck

Bradford Stark:

TWIN POEM

Imagine the surprise, no,
the literal shock her

body was engaged in
at the birth, and the

rush in which we occur
as demons do, in our dreams.

And you, that other, second
one, came so easily, she

said, like an afterthought.

The doctor found you.

Richard Grossinger: from Book of the Cranberry Islands, Section 7, Provinces

There are no coincidences ----says Enslin, running down Seawall to the edge of the waves and picking up the long quivering fronds of kelp, shaking them in the air like a flag. "Kombu!" he shouts, "I was just reading about how to dry and prepare it."

We stand in the house. The sunlight pours in from a clear outer sky. Too clear. By mid-day there is a cirrostratus ring, followed by a long line of cloudy symptoms, a whole bank of matter, until we are turned in storm.

We stand in the house of energy, having progressed far far below Avogadro's Number, where nothing would seem to be of any effect, where the identity would become homogenous with the substance itself, pure silica or quartz, in the decillions --- when suddenly identity which is lost in the thousands is returned with a burst of pure energy, as a vial is shook in the sunlight and the bubbles burst against the side with the release of tinier bubbles and the fizz goes on for hours afterwards, the crashing of waves against the shore. This power, which would appear to be lost totally at submergence in the distance of the greater suns, at the elemental distance of hydrogen, is regained in light years by the very nature of light. The soil bursts with it, like berries popping; dams crash it down into hormonal daylight for the houses of night, keep grinding it off the ax and axle, off "x", far from the city, far from where anything would appear to be able to maintain its iota: this is just where the inert passes the barrier of etymology and breaks into the lattice of a new element, a tincture applicable to the vital life-force. This is how far in numbers the work of astrology occurs from its origin in the stars. Avogadro's Number: beyond which no scientist would go or hope to show cause or identity. Here the vital force, capped in the higher fractions, bursts from its invisible keeping place, and places that life is at the disposal of who can use it: living men.

We stand in the house of the clam and the sea worm. "Letting all the shit out," Enslin says. Digging clams and shellfish. The light is absolute, revealing stricture between the islands, nature of the particular tide in which we work, which the water is held back off of, and by how much. The fresh

water of spring rain, the last one, two days old, is pouring down the hillside, over the ice which it gathers and ripples, thru the masonry of stone, into the house of the clam. The hands become so cold and numb they can no longer distinguish. Where the sun has sat it is warm. The internal organs are filled with rain and sea. The seaweed makes a bitter tea; we tried it last night, a bitter tea or broth, but still the taste of the sea, a taste thru which the age of the body becomes itself tastable, neither good or bad, and at best approximate, a place to be, regardless of the rest of the meal. My hands cut away at the sand and rocks, pulling out the clams and mussels, breaking them off the wall I have exposed by digging down so far, exposing more. And they piss up at me, bursts which reveal their position and draw me in a sensing that has more to do with geography than fingertips; I have an approximate sense of where I am and what I have done.

There is a wish not to go back. The strength of the sunlight here on the methodical work is "letting the shit out," is feeling suddenly very bare in a work, in a life. All old times become available. I remember a fear so clearly that it has no name. Like diseases, there is only one. I don't want it to go on forever. My body does have taste, preference; it rejects the seaweed. The sun is so bright that I can feel more than three dimensions. The seawall of time is available too. It is not that I have to go back; it is that the nuance of the present is ineffective in working against the whole thing. There are no coincidences. If it is happening at all it is happening now, and I should remember this for all time. Like the devil with one day in heaven which he must recall to the end of eternity. I am not afraid. It is backbreaking work. I do not feel I am strong enough. The distances are enormous and the collection of seaweed on the rocks reveals a process of such density and enormity that my inner tissue is exposed along the polypous edge. We all itch. We all inherit the disease. We all grow growths. Right or wrong. To the greater work or in the devious paths of the microcosm, the miles of beach, the thickets of cedar. It happens. It is laid bare against the edge of, and the fingers are sore, unthawed. The light of the wall has become the hazed and ringed sun. Cirrostratus followed by ribbed sky, as the density of the atmosphere increases and moves closer to the land, into strata, what are called stratus and nimbus, raincloud s, and cumulus pockets that collect on the density of the y-axis, floated thru the third dimension of an ocean of air. The fourth dimension is that it can go backward or forward, that at any angle the same thing is re-

vealed. There are so many clams, and broken clam-shells, and open mussels, and two shells pressed together with mud in between; there is so much happening at all different times which is still the same. And the sun is absolutely bright, and my body is left alone in a world to which are recalled all other times that ever were. This is what I am afraid of. The symptoms which begin on the surface, like a wart or pimple, move deeper and deeper to within the system, affect more and more internal organs, until the life force gives way. But the nature of the dis ease is that there was no other, that we can never be cured. Cirrostratus is rain. Ring is rain. The tide returns and pours back into the pocket s where I was working, as soft and yielding as to get into everything, to bend around and come rushing with a relief of weight to re store the other end of the scale, put the beach and rocks underwater, suddenly standing in a foot of water on shoals. The symptoms never get better. They merely become more complex and interwoven; they increase. And the medicine is not for the foot or the eye or the blood, but for the man, for whom there is only one life force. The same indivisible that is sun. The symptoms merely become more and later in history, but the disease is the nature of matter, the lack of a certain substance, which makes it what it is, with all its diversity where from sheer stress of reconstitution it has fallen into many parts and many directions. The harmony is still visible: stars, clams, tides, moon, island, sun, clouds, itches, arbor vitae, ice, rivers, sea worms. The notes still hit at all the right moments, as when the rhythm is recovered on the other end of the Earth, and the waters come back, the hot pools are made cool and salty.

It is not something to be afraid of. The being in heaven suddenly, in the midst of his work, looks up at the sun and sees that that one day is forever. There is no escape from a circle; there is no escape from the fourth dimension the sun fails to have in scenery or hours of the day, that it has once, when a man looks directly into how many circles there are, and how many times the full 360 of the degrees is completed in a binding, a locking of wheels and zones around a life. There are no coincidences. The vital force is restored if the man is willing to admit that distance is of no concern, that the variety of symptoms does not affect the singleness of the life, the myth it becomes as the fore st grows to its own underlying purpose. Time is reversible. The symptoms come out of the deepest and most secret internal organs and "walk right off the fingers," Enslin says. Returning to warts of childhood. As each ring is broken, the next previous ring appears. It is not

that the work is ever completed, but all corners of the geography must be visited. There is a moment at which the disease remembers the life-force of a man. The transfer of energy is completely as electrons do it, why medicotheologists spent so much time, and phrenologists and biochemists, looking for the soul. They were looking for an image; they were looking for something that kept its identity thru all the rings until it walked right off the finger. The soul is no more visible than a wart, is visible just as a wart is, where the rings of shook rain and broth reach their crescendo and the stars become visible from the realm of one of the planets, where the ringing and reception of information is greater than distance from the source would allow, cosmic radiation which approaches zero, and then explodes of a second nature, on a different level of its properties at large.

It is visible when we choose to recognize it. It cannot be pried from nature because there is no image that will sustain it as itself. There are no symbols just as there are no coincidences. If the symptoms walk off the fingertips, it is as visible as the rain in the cedar forest. Explodes as light does, as each droplet in the mud and against the trees.

The world is more than visible, thank God. We live forever or not at all. And the burden of the weight of sunlight is how many revelations can fall on the bridge before it breaks and sends its messages thru half the universe of stars before electromagnetic gravities drop the matter into some world-sea. Interlude digging shellfish. Blowing out the shit. Irish Moss, Vanilla, and Milk thru the strainer, sugar of milk, displays its properties. Recipes are as much medicines as formulas for the behavior of matter under weight of transfer to our system. There are no coincidences. There is only what is known.

A HOMAGE TO PROPERTIUS

Norman O Brown

(Rome, Italy and Santa Cruz, California · 1969).

# of Human Bondage I

I. I.

UNIUS HIC QUONDAM SERVUS AMORIS ERAT
He was the slave, the serf, of Love.
ΕΡΩΣ ΑΝΙΚΑΤΕ ΜΑΧΑΝ
Love unconquered in battle
the Great Hunter
"pressed his foot upon my neck."

Sophocles, Antigone, 781.

Cynthia's Triumph
an epiphany of Religion
Of Human Bondage
she only had to show her face
those eyes

Lucretius, I, 63-65.

Religion hid in War
Ishtar, Queen of Battles, Queen of Love
Cleopatra

First he is captured
his Iliad begins with ΙΛΙΟΥ ΠΕΡΣΙΣ
his Aeneid
begin by being conquered
cave-man conquered

learn Ars Amatoria
learn to hate chaste women
uncivilize me, Love,
far-out, beyond reason,
wandering (his Aeneid
amens errabat in antris
mindless in the cave again.

Love mastering me.
discipline is service
indentured service
(Atalanta, Rachel
Love's Labour
to learn to love is to learn to love labour
ΦΙΛΟΠΟΝΙΑ
enduring love
heroic labour, humbling itself
taking the form of a servant. Philippians, II, 7.

The Imperial Whore — I. II.
Meretrix Regina — III. XI. 39
Cleopatra
Roma
Cynthia

street walking
wide open city — III. XIII. 4
luxuria, Roma — III. XII. 18
all the meretricious ornament
foreign assets to enhance your value --
Do you have to be a whore, Madonna?
Artificial make-up
mercenary goods v. the natural beauty --
Must culture be corrupt?
Must civilization be vulgarity?

Not so in ancient time the Great Eoiai
(heroic women
the naked Eve
the frank girls of Sparta — III. XIV
illis ampla satis forma pudicitia — I. II. 24
the original form of the city, pudicity.
Now we hide in secret
lovers in the dark. — III. XIV. 32.

Antony and Cleopatra

I found her sleeping
Ariadne sleeping
sleeping maenad
I drunk and lustful
two hard-driving gods
(hac Amor, hac Liber

love is furor
she's a fury
let the sleeping fury lie.

Let Rome in Tiber melt

I.vi.

These are my arms
my military service
in which I gladly die
multi longinquo perire in amore libenter
the real thing is perishing
long-drawn-out dying
being all unfit
for mortal love that may not die of it.

Of Human Bondage II

Love of a whore — I. IX.
bought love
love of a slave
to be the slave of a slave
humiliation

the imperial whore — III. XI.
slept with her slaves
made slaves of those she slept with
Antony at Actium — II. XVI.
chose infamy

Propertius, love-addict
I publish my own infamy — II. XXIV.
Cynthia all over town.

Make Love not War I

II.1.

My epic
our naked wrestling
huge Iliads in a little bed
(here is my space
The discovery of the true Homer
epic and elegy
is all one book.

She's everything
her everything
her nothing's everything
maxima de nihilo nascitur historia
let's make history.

Make Love not War II

Days of wine and roses
that do not end at Actium

II. xv

Caesar's latest triumph
I'll be watching the parade
hugging Cynthia

III. iv

Actium
the Apollonian victory
the Dionysian celebration
Caesar's triumph
Propertius' singing
drinking
(nunc est bibendum

IV. vi

Make Love not War III

Lovers are doves III . V .
our wars are with our girls

I like her hot III . VIII .
I like her fighting mad
maenad
not peace but a sword
always a battle
feuding fighting and fucking
sadism and masochism:
in love I want to feel pain or to feel her feeling pain
aut in amore dolere volo aut audire dolentem.

Janua
Lady Janus
(janitor, January
Genoa
Lady Jane

Arch of Triumph, harlot's door
fallen city
even in the temple of Pudicity II.VI.25
prostitution
quo non prostat femina templo? II.XIX.10

Tarpeia opened the door
the door that leads to war
the where that leads to war II.VI.15

Elegy is open sesame
open the door
Elegy is infamy
graffiti on the door
tracks to her door
Elegy is lamentation
wailing at the door

Stan Brakhage:

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

They named him David: and he was to grow up to become a giant, and slay himself.

He was an American and a Southerner -- a bean-pole of-a-boy with a wild, timid, swagger to his walking . . . a hesitancy in all conversation. He cut his eye-teeth on the Southern moon: he could stare straight into the face of the sun: he spit to put out stars. He was born 'ten-feet-tall' in his feeling; and he grew and grew and grew.

His 'people' had been wronged not long before his birth: and he knew, youngly, he was The One born to set the matter right. He felt a destiny river run between his toes, a destiny wind tug the hairs of his head; and he grew shy with others, his kin-folk even, who could not bring themselves to see how tall he'd grown, how far apart, from head to toe, his destiny had drifted all his thinking from their sense of things: they'd still pretend he was their size -- his mother wishing normalcy for her boy -- and that his too-much thinking was a fault . . . his father blaming shyness on his thought. They were defeated in their daily living . . . as they had been by the war . . . and could not bring themselves to see that he was not!

David's father had been 'the spirit of war', itself: Colonel "Roaring" Jake Wark Griffith, the kind of man who, tho wounded, fought on and on and on -- the Maritan wind, of his nick-name, the very growing spirit of his song . . . the air-of-war puffing young David into existence: but wounds were all his people saw -- their eyes enslaved by defeat -- : and David 'bided' his time with them, pretending to be knee-high to himself, and shy-ly moved among all those who'd toe-the-line of imprisoned spirit.

His father's tales were taller than he'd yet grown in his own estimation -- and all illustrated with fleshy wounds and scars and blazing eyes and battle lines of facial features: his father, War, became, to David, Story . . . a wind-spirit of language telling . . . and Drama -- the expression of aged face, more terrible in the silent shifts of flesh than in the husky voice of remembrances: wind moaned in the eves of talk and told of the dead who

died in vain: and the masks of sadness and horror, seen close, were the very ghosts themselves come forth on War-father's face to beg to be laid-to-rest at last -- tho some came to ask revenge . . . these the most horrible of all.

David had a sister, Mattie, who, in fact, 'mothered' him: she, it was, who, told him the secrets of The Fates -- his destiny as it had been before -- and The Muse . . . the goddess of all human life as it is to be. If War-father shaped the soul of David, then Mattie, it was, who, spirited his mind. She finally entered his head, when it had grown large enough to contain her entirety, and remained there unchanged -- his guiding spirit -- all his life: for David, like all giants, was inherently stupid; and, without Mattie, he could never have fulfilled his destiny to right all wrongness. Wrong IS clever! Right is always simple-minded and, therefore, often loses its stance to tricks: but Mattie would 'see to' that; for she was American Hope incarnate: :a woman of culture -- refined, on this continent, to an innocence untouched by even her own sophistication . . . found, in the South, as an unknowing creature, who yet knows all -- a vessel, of civilization, say, who moves with the grace of her whole culture, yet is utterly unmotivated by what she carries . . . mind, of Southern memory, untouched by mattering -- a dream woman, innocent as a baby mammaling . . . as ephemeral as sound, these symbol wenches, spiced with the Frenchiness of New Orleans -- these Southern Belles! Mattie was perfect -- as all Southern women -- for minding men . . . a tireless mother-ringing, unchanging influencing -- utterly plastic (in the hands of men) and completely intact (in the minds of men), no matter the touch, baby goddess, all loveliness and gloss! Mattie could remain an absolute slippery solid of love thru any War-father's or Sun's inferno.

And she did . . .

Young giant, David, knew The Bible and knew, thus, his destiny explicit -- and knew his father, Jacob's, too . . . knew the fate of all those who wrestled with angels -- knew better than to wrestle even 'angel' Mattie in his mind. His strength was brute and his fate culturally sealed: he was to kill himself at high-noon of his living, as death's example to all the others -- the enemy as well as his kin defeated . . . to teach the victors Mercy . . . to teach the vanquished how to die . . . to teach both, then, how to live in peace -- God's rest to all ghosts . . . (yes, hunks of Christ broke off in his Psyche.)

Young dumb giant David did, then, shyly hid his size among his defeated people's littleness, and assume the shapes of their cultural stance from his mothering sister Mattie, and share his father's war-likeness, sure as "Wark", in the spirit of languaging story, and grow till he towered like a Goyaesque god above all past's battlefield and human misery . . . or as if this were the genii of his eye's light and he a tweed-suited, straw-hatted, be-spectacled, cane-carrying Alladin, inclined to rub his closed lids at every wonder and make his wishes amidst a shower of closed-eye sparks and cameraed visions. This teen-age dreamer, with his Mattie intact and tucked into the folds of his brain, this young man, then, half Paul Bunyan and half John Appleseed, set off fro the Big City to seek the fortune of his death . . . (following, thus, that American small-town instinct of the self-dissatisfied --- thus U. S. -destined --, as repetitive, generation to generation, as salmon's spawn.)

Big 'sin' City, then, where small-town Americans go to hide-and-seek, and heros to die, became young David's home. He hid, at first, and sought employ as part of his play -- gathering 'warps', for the Story of himself, among the American hucksters . . . (much like the carpet-baggers who had come in the guise of traveling salesmen to strip what wealth of his South the war had left -- to cheat his 'people' in the variable name of Freedom -- the game of 'free enterprise' their prison): oh!, David would learn, for surety, the capitolian system and take it unto himself . . . would demonstrate its death-dealing inside-out, at his own undoing: he harbored a wolf, in all his sheepishness, who wished to devour the wicked world -- this the Drama that tugged his lean-cheek-bones, mellowed his eyes, and stopped all comedy, on his face, at a mesh of squint wrinkles and an ironed smile.

Nervous, as he was, with such pre-tensions, and having always played a-part from all the 'others', what more natural, for him, than to become an actor -- that salesman of the imagined soul . . . geist-huckster, in cameleon-bag of his own skin. But he was no ordinary actor -- nor extraordinary, either -- hadn't studied the craft to accomplish the stagey artifice of his day . . . no: he became an 'extra' -- a character in search of his own authorship -- in a series of dramatic "novelties": :"toys", as ' the movies' were thought-to-be at this time . . . a short story told with "still" picture-cards which a nickle would set whirling in simulation of motion in the nickleodion. What David did would hardly have been called "acting", then: for already the movie-makers had discovered "life-likeness" to be more

convincing, in these pictures, than Dramatics as it was projected from The Stage. David, who had much childhood practised pretence at "life-likeness" prospered at this play of empiric deception -- all the while searching for the bits of part that would, eventually, give him his place . . . not just as, say, a name in lights, as actors want to prove their existence, finiteness -- but, rather, his search was for a place in the sun, high-noon . . . infinitude.

"The Eagle's Nest" brought him closest to this height of his wish and convinced him he could go no higher as actor. For some time he had been playing in movies made for darkened auditoriums, rather than brief boxed flips of nickleodion -- veritable 'epics' in comparison to the toy vignettes . . . long flicks, these, wherein an actor could develop the character he was playing -- play it out to some more psychological fulfillment. In "The Eagle's Nest" David played 'The Father' of a baby snatched by a giant eagle -- played 'the rescuer', then, of his childhood self from that rapacious bird-symbol Northern America had taken (as Rome and Napoleon before) to stand for its warring flights-of-fancy: the Eagle, vicious bird-of-prey, tearing into the innocent, harmless creatures of the earth, and carrying them off to its nest: and young David, then, climbing this giant height to fight with bare hands this Eagle beast and kill it . . . and rescue the/'his' child: it was no 'bit-part': he was 'the lead' -- the leader -- in this drummed-in, since his childhood, whole roll of his being: he could go no further as an actor: he knew he must, now then, assume power over actors and captain authorship itself for his necessary Drama.

(One cannot help but pause and wonder what the history of The United States would have been had 'our' forefathers chosen The Turkey-cock, as Ben Franklin suggested, for national standard: certainly The Eagle was, specifically, North-eastern ideal -- the idol of those who looked-to- the mountains, thought of preying on the land as the bird, itself, did . . . the fur-trappers, then, with their talons of steel . . . the carpet-baggers with their claws of thieves-law . . . the whole survival-of-the-fittest clan who twisted freedom in jaws of their own devising: certainly the Southern and South-western farmer shot such-like birds and thought of them with no more respect than he would a rat or any-creature-else who might threaten his chicks and, yes, turkey-cocks, and other domestic animals: but The Southern, as well as Northern, farmer lived in the schizophrenia of painter Hick's "Peaceable Kingdom": all God's creatures living-together/feeding-on-each-other . . . impossible Christian contradiction . . . a farm the very jaw of

Man, itself, crunching familiars -- each farmer eating himself alive in spasms of bitter domestic guilt -- each feeding his child the flesh of trusting creatures unequally in his care: the Northeastern ideal was at least more straight, saved the nation from eating its domestic heart out, except in Thanksgiving.)

(It is amazing, the power of unconscious persuasion any bird, as symbol, can have over man -- particularly as the roots of human admiration, for winged creatures, is almost always twisted beyond recognition . . . : Mattie, in David's mind, would have it that bird-song was Joy: surely giant David, in animal dumbness, must have known all song was threat, the bird's defense of his territory: the entwine of these twin knowledges make birds prime forces of aesthetic depth in maturely-tortured David's work, as did all such clashes of 'culture' and IN-sensitivity in his nature: latter-day 'Matties' would have The Dove -- a creature who, given the chance, will torture its own kind slowly to death -- be a symbol of Peace: David Griffith, in his greatest film, hitched such, like winged horses, to a tiny cart bearing gifts of a warrior king to his virgin beloved.)

But -- to get back to a younger, lesser, David -- he began, then, mid film career, to direct movies, to 'lord' it over his play and wag his own tales in the light: as the cameras whirled, recording actor gestures, David, like a puppet-master, pulled the strings of their every movement, telling them each action to take, making up the drama as it rolled along being photographed, often without any rehersal. It was child's-play, alright -- "Now, pretend you're very happy" -- "Now, look angry!" . . . : for, whatever the story the movie was supposed to be telling, the motion pictures spoke to all audience with bits and snatches of gesture and all other action most effectively made-up while actually filming -- an actor's response to director's instruction quicker than either could think . . . quick as life itself. Somehow early in his careering, this David/Goliath saw Accident as the prime death-dealer/life-giver in every drama: and he often deliberately confused his actors in order to pitch their dramatic stances into a play of Fate -- a chancy operation, for sure, with even the best of pantomimists (as in the tradition of Theatre Dell'Arte) . . . but with untrained amateurs it was a calculated risk that stripped the last vestiges of stagey make-believe from before the movie spotlight and laid these photo-plays as barely real as cross-section slides under microscope: the actors and actresses often became as if suddenly spot-lighted in the attempted escape from prison of each his-or-her-

self and/or the act/theft of another's soul: their (photo-screened) faces, often, went blank, for an instant (in response to an unrecorded director's command) and, therefore, took on (as illuminated) looks of real looking, actual searching for expression, action, as if each were possessed of an inner god/consciousness (as they had been by David's voice) which drove them inside out. David, thus, fathered Western traditional fatality into the movies: it only remained for him to expand this, called "realistic", drama to giant proportions and to move it beyond studio lighting and into the sun . . . and one thing other: to accomodate the whole-of-it to/fore-'Mattie' culture!

Others had been working this 'uppity' side of the street for centuries, and mining mind's-eye/dream-stuff, above all mattering, too: the whole aesthetic West had chosen, again and again, to trust the eyes above all knowing (as Louis Zukofsky proves conclusively in his great book "Bottom on Shakespeare") -- the sound synonym of "eye" itself a prime affirmative . . . "the ayes have it!", etc.: the arts of West's 19th century, especially literature and music, distorted their natural means as if in effort to give birth to motion pictures -- novels, shifting away from writ's ends in de-script, attempted to 'give the picture', moving as language does (as Sergi Eisenstein was to prove in his book "Film Form", many 19th century novels can be now used as effective film scripts without changing a single word) . . . so-called "program music" attempted, thru tone textures corresponding to kin-visual feelings, to elicit scene, a seeing from all hearing, and thus to put this most abstract art at the service of aura-outing, to the expense of all traditional audio -- the line of all painterly development thickened, all out-line blurred, in a frenzy to investigate the properties of light, the possibilities of movement: motion pictures HAD to be invented . . . because the innate need for such a thing was tearing all arts to pieces in unsuccessful simulation.

Now, whereas most European film-makers inherited a Latin name for this new absolutely necessary art ("Cinematographer", for instance, derivitive of the term "writer of movement"), American David learned it called "moving pictures"/"movies", "Flickers"/"flics", and was, himself, to coin the term "Sun-play", and even copyright it, to 'cover' his dramatic manifestations thru the medium: his emphasis, therefore, was always more directed to motion and illumination of "the real" -- as the name of his own company: "Biograph Co.": would indicate . . . "photo", then, was means to a graphic end -- a graph of "reality":

and this became a style with him, then, shaped absolutely by what was most "real" to the medium itself: :the very track of light.

It can be said that every artist creates by intruding his personal experience into the purity of medium -- and that he achieves an art, out of this intrusion, to the extent he respects the medium . . . is true to its means . . . more than his self's expression therethru: if this be true, then David Wark Griffith became an artist quite by Accident -- the same quality of accident he honored in all his motion picture making. His giant simple-mindedness depended absolutely upon uncomplicated notions -- such as "right" and "wrong" -- and, like all people simplistically motivated, his god was "Truth": but "Truth", like all 20th century gods, had become tricked out, as concept, by too much wrong-doing in its name . . . : thus David had to settle for 'fact' as his guiding principle of eventual goal -- as many another pragmatic man of his time . . . : and thus the 'fact' of light's track along the strip of film, and its lens-shaped life-likeness, came to fascinated him above all consideration of his personal morality: the celluloid strip was, after all, a record of light's movement (that was how film existed in 'fact'): these movements were more 'life-like' when Accident prompted them, or when David created 'the unexpected' to destroy his actors preparedness ('the unexpected' being all he knew of Fate as factual): it only remained for him/ David to frame it . . . i.e., to satisfy the Mattie in his mind and, thus, fulfill his destiny culturally -- "in good taste", etc. . . . (for this was a 'right', too -- as in "the right way", etc.): thus he became a Grammarian: arranger of accidental, happenstance, 'any-which-way' expressions into as-if-absolute forms and orders of pre-determined consideration. It was an old trick, which in language usage had for centuries made the dumbest people seem the wisest, buried all new barbarian thought in cliches of punctuation, or negated new-thought-magic altogether because of its bad spell. Grammer-in-fact was, then, the twined consideration wherewith David sought to set the stage to set the matter right.

Another man, who looked just like him -- Woodrow Wilson -- brought American grammarian logic into government at this same time . . . sought to traditionalize living history: and he was, too, to exemplify the death of all traditional goodness in the face of contemporary governmental evil. David rose to commercial prominence during the same period this Princeton scholar became President of the U.S.: they were twins of identical destiny -- these two men . . . Woodrow of its finite manifestation, and David of its infinite --

Woodrow to die literally, as martyred example, and David to die symbolically, exemplifying the martyrdom of his giant animality to the murderous innocense of his Kentucky-farmer-self.

At the crossroads of his life, giant 'Goliath' Griffith had written the "Crossroads of Life" and starred his David-self in the leading roll, as suitor of a clergyman's daughter. In the story he wrote, the girl is finally forced to choose between 'the life of an actress' and her father's forgiveness -- between suitor David and her dad . . . : she chooses daddy: two months later, mid-1908, our living hero signs his Griffith-name to a contract specifying he'll direct films for The Biograph Co. Very few any longer call him "David" -- "D.W." and/or, simply, "Griffith" is his name . . . his giant self begins to move, thru economic power, as an actual force in the world. David now 'bides' his time as never before, hardly making an appearance either on or off the screen.

Mattie, it is, who, begins to emerge -- first, perhaps, as "the clergyman's daughter" . . . always, anyway, some woman as vessel of virginity about to be broken -- some girl-with-Achilles-heel . . . a heroine, then . . . carrying charm, unknown to her, about to be stolen by an institutionalized, unseeing man . . . by heroic insensitivity, then -- : this the prime subjective matter of his time . . . the very story those as-if-movie-scripted 19th century novels most often told -- the unworthiness of the brute male, kneeling and bound foetally before his Belle, the Victorian clapper-maid, wide-eyed with ignorance of her own inestimable worth . . . tho she knew enough to defend the impeccableness of her carriage when his wolf-man-self, always with haired-over face, would villain-forth in the full of the moon: dumb "Goliath" Griffith wrote it all down for himself, like an idiot making notes in lieu of remembrance: and he directed it out for eye's light to the fullest conclusions of illumining, trying every variation of 19th century themes which monkeying mind could imagine. He composed his pictures in absolute 'parrot' of French "salon" painting and British/American "genre" art, picking up every stitch of linear form, for camera focus, which painting had begun to abandon in giving birth to film. His frame-line cropped all actresses to painterly busts: and full-lengths of all actor-stances were as traditionally composed as if arranged for Parisian wax-museum: and he was, thereby, like a big boy belatedly having his childhood -- covertly playing with flower dolls and leaden soldiers, destroying both in moments of self-disgust, yet persisting in a game which, albeit tardy, must be played-out

(chips of Dionysus dropping off his giant shoulders.)

One such game -- of undestructive resolve -- was Fate's writ direct: "Three Sisters": old as fairy-telling, with every 19th century mellow-rot twist . . . sister Mattie/Cinderella played by Mary Pickford, "America's sweetheart", who loves a blind man and manages, with money, to cure his insensitivity: but she, 'the ugly sister' -- therefore 'death' itself -- fears he'll not love her when he can actually see --: he does, of course . . . what choice had he, under the circumstances? . . . and the 19th century 'happy-ending' in -- yes -- Death, which all life IS when seen as "happily ever aftering", rolled on thru D.W's increasing exhaustion of these themes.

And where was David? -- he now the genii bottled-up in movie-lamp blackness . . . the victim of imitating enemy tactics -- David now carpet-bagged, himself, and all but sold on the world wide Griffith market.

The 'blind' world fell for Pickford sweetness, as sure as the heart of America had, and in fact the whole Southern Belle harem D.W primed for the lights and manipulated in memory of his beloved Mattie. The giddy Gish sisters came along, and cupid-bow lipped in serene innocence -- mellow Mae Marsh, of sisterly mothering remembrance -- or Miriam Cooper . . . dark lady in the 'apple-pie' light of his eye . . . and many many others the world came to call "The Griffith Girls".

Somewhere along this line of moonlighting, these foremat ladies began to get out of alignment, each coming into her own ritual world-wise as a "star" and/or that image which would best spark masturbation, in the frustrated males of the attendant audience, and thus kindle envy in their female companions, wives, etc. Mad King Griffith found his harem invaded; and he hatched a series of penny-dreadful dramas exemplifying the terrible fate of all such villainy in the light of love's pure movie beam: his wish was to make each viewer feel these bits of feminine light, these "stars" then, as kin, as sister, as mother, then: this was, to him, a harem of virgins, theretofore (veils of 'immaculate conceptioning' blanketed his dance of Salome thought: for his was the head of John Baptist, already served on the platter to Mattie's dance . . . as it was to be the head of Goliath severed in David's Luck: for he knew -- as we all do -- that young David could only win over the giant by way of Luck, by Accident, then, by God!, by all-the-Fates eventually . . . ; and, therefore, he worried not-at-all, these mid-career years, that Evil had tricked him out as King of its 19th century 'camp': he played the part to-the-hilt -- was the world's first Hollywooden god . . .

therefore founded that American Holy Wood wherein, as of old, Adonis -- as he was to become -- must die.)

While still 'sowing wild oates', before he'd settled down to harem, D.W. found the perfect eunuch to dress his 'dolls' with proper light, the only real apparel of their existence on movie screen: he came to recognize the genius of Billy Bitzer -- cameraman of Accident extraordinarie . . . old 'chancy' Billy, Fate's darling -- in the sense that angels always look-out-for the drunk, the fool, the child . . . : Billy Bitzer, with the luck of the Irish, became, then, Griffith's main cameraman -- because he had the inevitable knack of making meaningful mistakes.

A 'mistake', in film parlance, is a photographic 'take' that must be 'taken' again -- when, say, the lens' cleaning tissue is left hanging down over the lens . . . unless, of course, angels arrange it there so that it filters the light -- just so! -- to veil the features of, say, a woman's face and, thereby, gives to the world new vision of beauty . . . an odalisque as if nude, so blurred are her clothes, in disintegration of form, that one can imagine her flesh more surely than if she were photographed naked . . . a woman soft as the halo of light itself, her features blurred to such indistinct feather-bedding she'll fit each individual man's masturbatory wishing -- each woman's imagining herself in such light -- : oh, yes! . . . Billy Bitzer was -- with angel's Luck -- the perfect tailor of The Emperor's new photo clothes.

Billy'd forget to open his lens wide enough: and there -- lo and behold! -- was a cameo'ed portrait of the "star", ready made for the movie lockets of each man's mind. Bitzer's Luck was that he always 'goofed' within the limits of Griffith's usability. He'd over-or-under-expose a shot: and there! -- as Griffith saw it -- would be a mood . . . a mode of expressing emotion: but Billy was never so 'chancy' as to make blank leader, black OR white -- his 'angels' saw to that . . . each 'slip' of his was but a slur of conventional image -- a sling of slightly biased light.

While Mattie could be said to begin to be mined as a merge of inner distinct "Griffith Girl" features, Billy could be said to be understood by "D.W." as the "David" -geist that brought such forth into the light of projection: bit by Bitzer bit, the spirit of giant slayer was loosed on the world.

He/David-hero waxed fat, also, on the sloth all giant suffer-forth in their bigness -- such laziness as, for example, causes exact repetition in art . . . that, for instance, an aesthetic immensity tends to thrash back-and-forth, without variance, over its self-destructive-termination: (think of the

end of almost any 19th century symphony!)

(Take The Russians -- those who most in their music, sought to hatch visual counterpart to all audioing -- starting with Glinka, who inherited, at the very beginning of this Russian first-classical music movement, the whole West's symphony orchestra, as if it were a single instrument . . . an aesthetic immensity from Russian scratch, then -- and Glinka sorely tempted, as all after him, to repeat a good thing, when he heard it, again and again . . . all those many notes to write down for just an instant of orchestral song -- the temptation to double this time of music as simply as making the two-strokes and double-dots of a 'repeat-bar': thus the aesthetic of theme-and-repetition -- as in, say, Domenico Scarlatti -- as distinct from the more normal Baroque theme-and-variations . . . as in Bach . . .)

And great " D. W. " took his 'p's and q's' from mid-European 'program music' development -- Wagnerian leitmotiv as an idea that was applicable to the editing of motion pictures -- (oh, he would charm King Saul, and us all, with his harping) . . . relying primarily on the whole German and Slavic 'tone poem' movement -- as, indeed, he used this very music itself to accompany the images and engender appropriate 'mood' . . . tho he also intercut these 'long-hair' modes with bursts of contrasting folk song -- (much like his unknown contemporary, the composer Charles Ives). Just so-much as a 'p' and a 'q' are alike yet therefore very clearly different, so-too movie-shot-repetitions are likenesses, occurences in the same mode or scenic mold, which cause a difference-of-feeling more dynamic than contrasting images . . . the " repeat" shot effecting all spectators almost as if it were a mirror-image of its previous self -- further " repetitions", then, giving image multiple dimension, as if all scene were reflected in mirrors reflecting mirrors:
(thus " D. W. " discovered for film, as Gertrude Stein did -- at the same time -- appropo language . . . that: repetition is impossible: and: 'as-if repeating' is a strengthening of all psychological reflectiveness.)

(Therethru this accident, this by-product of laziness, a new aesthetic was loosed thru music, language, and motion picture art in the 20th century -- i. e., a force which would automatically cut-down any huge and complex world of art to/for the simplist emotional -- let us say: " Davidian" : -- understanding.)

It can be seen, again and again, that great Griffith had a personal subject that mattered enough to him to warrant endless as-if-repetition in great laziness; and it can be seen that this had very little to do with the 'Accident'

of his objective destiny -- almost nothing therefore to do with here-to-fore /Mattie-culture . . . nor with Davidian law in his nature. The seed of all his subject matter can be found in an early work called: "A Corner In Wheat": it is a work of guilty conscience, rather than a work-of-art -- might have been writ by the very villainous rich man it postulates as 'lead' . . . or by, say, his selfish daughter: it was, in fact, written by rich Griffith, himself, and was marketed, by him, for all it was worth; and it was one, among those many 19th 'penny dreadful' century laments, of "the plight of the poor" victimized by "the industrial revolution." With his penchant for 'fact', D. W. drew on actual incident and, as usual, 'milked it' to Death -- beyond all but personal Truth in the matter . . . i. e., he postulated 'the rich man's', his own, death at film's end -- his 'black' self buried under wheat's white/movie flour in forced morality beyond any actual occurence.

The "plight" shot repeat, thus disintegrating "the poor" -- seen 'before and after' "The Corner In Wheat", etc . . . the poor farmer's sowing-of-seed a moving copy of American "genre" art. The shots of 'the rich' tend not to repeat -- the "industrialist" seen, in all his operations, as "revolutionist" . . . until, of course, his 'fall' (when revolution becomes turn of the same old wheel of Death): but (until then) all depiction of wealth is visually progressive -- seen as an increasing complexity of visual development . . . photographed in imitation of 19th century French 'salon' art.

All the subjunctive elements of Griffith's later greatest works are to be found in this brief Biograph -- but very little of his art . . . very little Bitzer 'Accident' at all in this work . . . thus practically nothing of David, except as he was to be pitied as of "the poor" -- and except in-as-much as it was clear he/"the poor" would endure beyond all "industrial" Death. Mattie/'culture-lady' is definitely slandered in a visual slur of white-womanly featurings and gestures buyable as Hell itself -- seen, in the film's black and white morality, as black's 'dupe' . . . a superficiality sustained by wealth: and so she was, too, to be seen again and again, in Griffith's "Intolerance" -- just as black was, from all his Southern up-bringing, to be always seen as inherently 'bad', be it 'tux' or color-of-skin, be it mustache of villain or negroid threat in "The Birth of a Nation".

Comparison of "A Corner In Wheat", with any of great Griffith's later work, will show us more clearly, than is usually visible, that subject matter has, really, nothing whatever to do with the make of an art. Because David,

Wark, 'Mattie', Griffith, in all the multiple complexity of his nature, was essentially an Artist-by-Accident, he was naturally among the very greatest the world has ever hatched: he did never know enough of himself to too-much interfere with The Muse's use of him -- nor Fate's accidental splendor, either . . . nor to save any part of himselfishly from the whole of his father-ing-forth -- as every man must, for better or worse -- his Destiny in-deed, in deadly earnest, in Death at last.

Let us gather, then/ now, ladies and gentlemen, to watch this, the likes of which The World has never seen before -- that a man should kill his giant-self with his child's littleness . . . and do it before his 'lady'/ sister to them both -- in the full of the sun -- in the full of pride of each of them . . . Oh! -- ladies/gentlemen . . . it could only happen here -- in America . . . now -- in this 20th of our western centuries.

See great Griffith, in your mind's eye, 60 feet tall, in his camera tower, hovering over platoons of actors, costumed for a mock of Civil War battle and spread across miles of a meadowland where such battle once actually happened -- those closest to Griffith appearing as toy soldiers from his height . . . those furthest from him looking like bacteria on a microscopic slide: and see him, then, ladies and gents, smile the smile of Woodrow Wilson and pick up, yes! a field telephone (such as was right then being used at the 'fronts' of World War I) and, with the smallest, softest, voice, imaginable, precipi-tate puffs of flowering white and charges of masses of dots across all the land-scape beneath him: and look at him raise his hand there/then -- like Mich-aelangelo's God touching Adam -- and bring Billy Bitzer to camera action . . . all accomplished with the American-ease whereby one might sing:

" Will you bake a cherry pie?
Billy boy, Billy boy . . .
Will you bake a cherry pie?
Charming Billy."

See the benign eye of Great Griffith -- teacherly spectacles of him fram-ing his Spectacular . . . all this landscpae exploding just off the top of his neatly parted hair: 'hats off' to him, folks! : :this 'man of peace' has just dreamed up one hell of a war: See! -- no one gets hurt . . . those men fall down, in this boyish game, only to get up and fall down again (a Buddhist dream): the effects are realistic enough, in grusome fact, to satisfy De Sade

himself -- black movie blood almost drips off the screen . . . prop bodies are flung, like an angry child's dolls, thru aerials of flickering light and black photo smoke-quakes (the marathon dream of The Romans showing again) -- later to be tinted yellows and reds, to look as if the projector itself was belching fire and raining down blood on the audience (the dream of The Apocalypse, then) . . . and yet, in benign Griffith's mind, "The War To End All War" (the A #1 American dream of toyhood fights made game.) This bloody, battle mocking, hunt for peace was also Wilson's governmental sport -- his 'soldiers', too, were never meant to have "died in vain" . . . i.e., in the quick of Death's earnest vanity . . . anymore than all West's Crusaders were meant to die -- never to rise again. What giant Griffith newly created, for this warrior sport, was an art of it (despite himself) which could/would repeat its deaths and resurrections, thru film's exactitudes, in-ad-absurdum -- breaking down the huge complexity of War, as subject, to its deadly simple objectives . . . ups-and-downs, ad nauseum.

You can almost see Mattie flitting about the towering platform of him, there, arranging Billy Bitzer's compositions as carefully fine as if setting table places for Alice's mad tea party, poking puffs of smoke into balanced visual cushions, stoking fires for neatest hearth, tucking them into compositional corners, sweeping shadow armies, even, before the broom of traditional logic -- hanging both pots and panoramas together in magnificent Kitchen comfort . . . fluffing facial features, even, to starch of heroic picture stance -- unfurling actors, in their gestures, as if they were flags in battle paintings.

But see now, folks, how Billy Bitzer begins to run, his camera, amok under all these womanly cultural pressures -- as if to counteract all this 'class', he cuts loose vulgar photo capers like farts in church . . . jiggles the box, twirls the lens, dances with the light itself on the very edge of the tables of photographic probability -- as if to show the 'high-falutin' a-thing-or-two, he pushes his luck to new greatness!

Oh, Praise our Griffith, in Davidian greatness, that he lets Billy, looses him, loves him for it: these blessed mis-takes: these blasphemous Accidents: these drunken measures which further newness into the medium.

And Bless ol' "D.W.", too, that he hosts both forces in his nature -- thus must fuss to please Mattie amidst Billy's poltergeisting . . . must mother these Bitzer inventions, himself, and train them to do the tricks-of-the-trade, and wed them thus to meaning -- must make a motion picture grammer

as refined, thru repetition, as Mattie herself and all her culture.

And give him a round of applause that he managed this tea-party-teeth-and-toe-nail-teaching in good fun -- as a hell-raising-heaven-to-earthy fellow . . . a jolly-sad man, if ever there was one (how would you like to host such a gathering, as was in him, for all eternity?)

A moment of silence, then, that, amidst all this partying, he also managed an art to come out of him -- and that he hugely, even, brooded beautifully upon it . . . his own death.

He could not, anyway, stop it: everything he thought he was doing led contrariwise to what he knew he was.

His investors slowed him down a bit, crippled "The Birth of A Nation" for him, as 19th century investors had his birth in hatch of War and clutch of carpet-bag. They cut the heart of Truth -- fact feat -- out of all sense of conflict . . . made senseless War, as usual -- i.e., a war that cannot be sensed. For instance, they edited-out -- or, worse yet, forced him to it -- the shots of Northern slavers raiding African villiages, a New England cleric blessing the sale of a half-naked slave girl, the rape of a white girl by a negro and the whole sequence of his terrifying trial, castration, and tortured death by The Ku Klux Klan, as well as fact-finder Griffith's photo-documenting Lincoln's letter to Stanton stating his DIS-belief in racial equality, and depiction of "Lincoln's solution" to American racism: the plan to deport all negroes "Back to Africa" . . . etc: many scenes of black as Evil . . . etc: the seeing of The Klansmen as a moving accumulation of photographic light, as a force of white, as triumphant good.

But "D.W." paid for the next party himself: and it was the biggest personal blast in the history of film: "Intolerance". What with Mattie's perseverence, Davidian-Billy's mechanics, and Griffithian grammer, The Muse, herself, couldn't help but grace the occasion with her presence. (I won't say she stayed for the whole party: but has she ever in the history of film?)

Of "Intolerance" it may be said it is the only virtually uncensored motion picture ever, yet, permitted to be seen by a large American audience: it was, as can then be easily imagined, U.S.'s one great Elizabethan movie moment -- Griffith, therefore, American-Shakespeare as its maker . . . : but because it was a penultimate united statement, it failed utterly as commerce in these divided states of America . . . was the greatest commercial failure from Hollywood's entire history -- was rejected by John Q . . . i.e.,

U.S. money . . . Public more completely than any film since: no expensive film has ever again been permitted such rejection since its economic failure: (it is, almost, magically, as if it/" Intolerance" embodied its theme so completely that it demonstrated it therethru its own audience rejection and, thus, commercial crucifixion -- taking, thereby, American main sin upon itself in every theatre in the land.)

Griffith financed it himself and fought valiently with every simplistic moral disparity of his own nature in its making -- that nothing would be seen, or could be distorted in unseeing mind, as this-side or that-side of any given question of the nature of good and evil, as thereby any excusable Cause of war . . . other than such Accident as human nature itself thru intolerable circumstances of social living. He had, this one chance in his life, to stop the distortions of censorship, which had ruined "The Birth of A Nation", and to kill the temporizing platitudes of his own American power -- his economic gianthood . . . and he took it to the hilt -- emasculating, in this work, every vestiginal excuse of his successful U.S.-ence, his powerful life.

He encouraged Billy -- that wizard of oddities -- to pull every trick from the bag of his mechanical genius . . . to create images hard as irony, sling them like stones to roll down the ramp of projector light with American machine-gun rapidity and perfection of Yankee aim.

He turned every trick for-Mattie loose upon three historical facts: the fall of Babylon, the crucifixion of Christ, and the St. Bartholomew Day massacre: -- dramatized these with a traditional exactitude his sister would have to recognize, beyond all conservative glamour . . . and intercut each with each other and his own guilt-ridden nightmarish story of American injustice -- revealing the blindness of U.S. Law, as all Law before it . . . back to, as Mattie would have it, that Romanized Greek statue-woman symbol of Justice, holding up her scales of supposed right-and-wrong -- her statute eyes blindfolded over with the lie of impartiality (this classical bitch certainly no Statue of Liberty, to him, but rather her opposite number . . . a death-dealing woman who would legalize her sight against any such as might hold up a candle in traditional darkness -- hold up a motion picture torch against all of public blindness): and yet he gave his Mattie THE happiest place, amidst these warring inter-cuts at his giant nature, of his most loving Hope . . . cast her, played by beloved Lillian Gish, as he most often likened to remember her: the one, of the 3 fatal sisters, who rocks the baby/David in the cradle where Time itself is born to human conscience: and he added, to this hopeful

image, a Whiteman quote which takes on an irony, in the context, beyond any sentimentality intended:

" . . out of the cradle, endlessly rocking . . . "

the very mothering movements inducing baby to sleep to become those frets of martial drums, sword thrusts, and man-quakes of devastation in adult human natural disaster -- (for how is a war to be honestly considered as other than an 'act of nature'?)

And great Griffith reduced all complexity of culture, that might hide excuse for war as being Cause, to the repetitional simplicity of natural law -- 'the powerful' preying endlessly on 'the weak', feeding naturally on its victim as sure as wily beast on innocent flesh in any jungle . . . except that, as hyena may fatten on even lion's flesh, when Death has made 'the king of the forest' victim of his own mortality . . . as, that, even great Babylon may fall to its victimization-of-self/betrayal-from-within -- so, too, may the weak win over the giant by Luck, by that Accident all love, all life, is where each creature's own inner underdog/ Death has its day at last.

David could, and did then, win this series of rounds of Baroquely edited images wherein all themes-and-repetitions counter-punted each other into a work of visual music classicism as never before, and very seldom after, in the history of film.

The art of the work " Intolerance" is most magnificently visible as an abstraction of light almost kin to purely musical sounds -- its stories as secondary to its aesthetical nature as words in Bach's " B minor Mass", say, or Mozartian opera, or even Wagner . . . even Griffith's dry-as-dust fact-founding -- his 'authentic' costumes and historical re-creations -- pass, in the light of this film, as an American aesthetic (very much as in, say, " The Cantos" by Ezra Pound . . . Griffith's contemporary, after all . . . whose quotes of historic documents become poetry in the contextual rhythms of the workings of the total work). One might best see this mastery of image by projecting " Intolerance" out-of-focus -- it the first film made which would survive such treatment and hold itself up, in displays of meaningful black-white counter-shapes and developmental rhythms, as the art it integrally is . . . as " Art" then visible to those who otherwise -- busy tracking story and/or documentation -- might never see it as such (just as conservative academicians might best have first heard " The Cantos" as poetry were it in a language foreign to them.

But it has, yet, to be seen -- this film -- ; for it is so much of its

Time and Place . . . as all great art . . . : and that temporal geography -- 20th century U.S. -- so "out of joint" and divided, still, against itself: . . . that even those Americans, who most want to look at it, find themselves as-if looking straight into the sun: they, naturally, shade their eyes therefrom it, look at it askance, are embarrassed by what they take to be Griffith's "corniness", say -- all the colloquialisms and attitudes of American ease, which fret the conscience of even the most 'open' viewer . . . in a familial terror as if the household idiot were rattling skeletons in the broom closet during Thanksgiving Dinner -- all its timely Truths of national self-evidence as if causing most audiences (40-some years after its creation) to greet any projection of it with a show of hysterical laughter now and again and again and again and/or that solemnity of cautious respect wherewith one sits down on an antique or indulges a so-called "primitive" custom.

U.S. citizens are not Elizabethians: and Hollywood products are certainly not Globe theatricals, Florentine re-birth, Noh drama, nor even old national Abbey: but dogged art will, as sure as hell, have its American day when Time and Place have become as one: David Wark Griffith's "Intolerance" is a glimmering pre-sentiment of this inevitability (was it 100, 150, years too soon -- going once? . . . going twice? -- GONE! to the highest bidder, so far.)

See him, there, great David Wark Griffith, as unselfconsciously Artist as any Renaissance craftsman -- (as such as Michaelangelo sloshing paint on Christian ceiling and muttering curses at his Pope . . . the man most like Mike, himself, in all Rome we know . . . his alter ego Julius II -- or chopping out his own marble David 17 feet tall and more terrible than any Goliath ever imagined) -- oh, see him, Griffith, as all before him ever aftering . . . (for in the Arts there is no competition -- thus all who achieve the make of such are equal to all others in consideration) . . . take heart, Viewer! -- and have after his images, for all you're worth! -- have at the very soul of him.

See him, then now, grown taller yet, on walls and towers of plaster Babylon, stretched out across American open roads of mechanical land-escape, stepping across Time, even, in this that he called "The Sun Play of The Ages" -- crossed-over into Death, then, the dimension of eternity -- stretched thin beyond all audience comprehension of the film -- fallen, therefore, into the limbo where citizens exile every vestige of immortal sensibility . . . broke . . . broken, then: for, in the United States, to be with-

out as much money as you had is to be as an Egyptian mummy unwrapped -- i.e., lacking all means for soul's social passage even into hell.

I mean -- he made a few more films . . . some of his best in fact . . . trying to get back to where he had been, and then some (the #2 American dream) Humpty-Dumptying -- but was never let "live-down" his presumption . . . his "Intolerance" . . . his "come-uppance" in the confessional all box-office is in the religion of show-business: -- he even had a fair amount of money . . . just not as much as he had had . . . and all his dreams intact -- spent the rest of his days doing and undoing, like the hooves of a pole-axed bull that won't give up . . . (married twice and twice divorced) . . . managing grace in almost every vestige of his fall -- David more fully alive, finally, in the hermitage of his last years . . . (at the old Knickerbocher Hotel) . . . than ever before: -- he was greatly respected, naturally . . . (all those who fed on him were terrified of his ghost) . . . and he was laid-to-rest, in fact, 30 years after his intolerable fall while playing (like Phaeton) with the sun at the height of its climb for him and the killer child within: -- he, in his 70s now/then, had just announced his engagement to a much younger girl . . . (shades of Mattie moving still in the shifts of life?) . . . and was writing a film script tentatively called "Christ and Napoleon" . . . (yes, David and Goliath again) . . . which he wanted to film in Asia with a cast of many thousands -- when he died.

Daphne Marlatt: (3 VANCOUVER POEMS

But I don't drive

me nor anywhere. Brilliant
sun runs more than 2 eyes. sea. a certain
catastrophe. A village. who huts scramble
feathers, netting, all, into the tide.

Left an eye, clam shell turned fast in the palm
of a recent hand. They would go whaling in bigger
than usual canoes. (diminishing frame.) godslight
in spermacetti (doorsign a creak in kwakiutl, with
silver & flat fish eye's a perpetual
window
(Ishmael west is)

Tang of slat on metallic skin, the
burnish oil makes. Fiery, ferry only, we crawl in,
islands, over, like some flat-nosed scarab housing
wheels, & pistons, engines -- visible at mouth.
Hamatsa...

The intensive idea to go in / tended?
Underwater slip, in the interval of swell. awake.
a wet carcass . Gongs . Or the dull sound of a

heart.

Ideas, eye, I, deus... let go & let the

tide take. A stream of perpetual grassgreen. Light.
Hamatsas open their gullets to, & walk in.

Morning

makes that light up billboard face a time
we near you, clear the air we stuttered in, mid, last
night's news...

Be side, by side, beside the
water's edge we come up to, ignore, bridgewise, say,
the siding of houses dark, or dank with what sea
does. There is that smell air will never get rid of.
Riddled. Or crushed by the ground coming up--
Gravel.

We could believe in grass growing over cement in parking
lots they've turned their yards into. This billboard
fronts a house, or sides it, ferry sidling above the
abyss of bridge, Blackball Ferry balling it into
'high seas'

This time skin has touched thin air, raising
fur (rumour). Bones. razed this morning, ear honed
in the sharp gaze of a gull, bridge-poised, momen/tarily,
the rail he
stands on...
fence. specific to your head a billboard
loomd above. late. in street light's desolate glare.

truck. & there you were, 2 of you, below the sign,
swinging yr legs. 'What...?' the cop who stopt. Only,
getting some air.

It is not instant, these houses, blind to
the bay. It does not recognize a fence, this news (whose?)
rammed to the wall night has seeped into. It is constant,
rain, raising blisters

raising the cheap linoleum
burst tomato mildewed sill
scorch in the wood rotting
scourge (cockroach)
rice that grains in cracks grow

What a rock thrown in, hit,
by design, by what casual will to break in...
Cupboards, cupboards, cupboards.

The Blackball Ferry
churns on thru troughs & peaks. indomitable. It is not
failure. It is not wanting. YOU want, YOU are wanting,
cut to the quick. By night is it? night. deficiency.
yr blood an extraordinary grassgreen the mercury vapour
lamp pours out, for hope, for glass

shatters love sometime.

All the lovers of grass come back, eventually, unload their
cargoes in the chill scream of the sea.

West Coast oh,

ecco, echo cystern, pumping out of the heart
mountains of water reign (their flanks watershed outspread
Innumerable roots, fine, horsetail & bryophyte, Up,
all the way up to, tallest of the douglas fir in some
places almost
"kings"
in-spire their grey day, this,
uncountable succession of halfknowing

(Vancouver: charts & instruments take over, or, 1890,
Robert M. Fripp, "Our object on this trip was to
spy out the land"
branch limits fingertip its scope oh,
within reach what clusters, what is drawn, all, inter-
Known osmosis & the transformation of

"In this strange, weird lost sort of place
Rip van Winkle might have played bowls with Hudson & his
ghostly crew..."

eave drippings, trough down long cement
channel out, to sea

"First water reach City of Vancouver,
10 p.m., March 25th, 1889."

in the mouth of, culvert,
sewer, cystern, as frm underground uprisen orphee,
water's welling

Drawn, ultimately, frm Capilano dammed
downstream roots, myriad dragonflies & small drowned creatures
making, diaphanae, mineral silt, & what woodticks engage in,
not parasitic, nourish, rubycrested etc breathing (wings)

air itself wet, steeps

Arising, & flowing under cork at

HEART:

water we drink.

John Shannon:

The quartz cave
for 500 feet thru solid
the cave carved from
white translucent crystal,
remnant of the mining operation
a trail where the rail ran
trees as ties grow soft
tumbler bucket rusts out,
steel balls stained green
they worked copper
& each day walked thru
quartz

they left, I came
each soul is where it wishes to be

(Vancouver Island

Jackson Mac Low:

28th LIGHT POEM: FOR JILL BOSKEY

11-12 October 1969 -- 12-14 July 1970

J--16 = Jasper light. Who's that?
Jasper who?

Jasper,
a green chalcedony or any
other bright-
colored variety,
except carnelian; --
used to
render
L.
iaspis.
Gr.
iaspis.

An opaque,
compact,
uncrystalline variety of quartz,
stained red,
brown,
green,
yellow,
etc.

When green with
red spots it is the bloodstone.

Jasper is mentioned in
Ex.
xxviii.
20 as one of the stones in the breastplate of the high
priest;
in
Rev.
xxi.
18 as the foundation of the wall of the
New
Jerusalem.

It is thought the substance meant was a
dark-
green or opalescent stone.

Jasper ware.

A color,
yellowish-
green in hue,
of low saturation and
very low brilliance.

Cf.
JASPER GREEN,
COLOR.

In textiles,
pepper-
and-
salt
(which see).

Having black and white inter-
mingled in small spots;
hence,

of a dull or neutral gray.

A pepper-
and-
salt cloth or suit.

A pepper-
and-
salt color.

The harbinger-
of-
spring.

I--I8 = Inner light.
(" How cd Emerson rely
on 'inner light' to get him by?")

It's years since the last meeting of Quakers I ever attended
(it was also the first)
twenty-
six to thirty years ago in
Chicago.

Is it inner light
that makes you more daring & more strong
than I cd ever be?

Is it inner light
that gives
Daddy
Warbucks,
so undeservedly,
such gallant magnanimous foes
as these?

May I reverse

our supposedly assigned
roles?

May I admire
your strength and daring
& tremble to be embraced by them?

L--14 = LUMINIFEROUS ETHER

luminiferous
/light-
carrying/.

Transmitting,
producing,
or yielding light.

luminiferous ether.

See
ETHER,
3.

Physics.

A medium postulated in the undulatory the-
ory of light as pervading all space,
even intra-
atomic
spaces,
and as transmitting transverse waves,
as those of light;
--called specif/ically/
the
luminiferous ether.

The prop-

erties ascribed to it
(extreme tenuity,
absolute continuity,
high rigidity and elasticity,
are very remarkable and
its existence is at present denied by many.

According to
Einstein,
the geometrical properties of space render the
hypothesis of the ether unnecessary.

The earth rotates on its
axis and revolves around the sun:
the sun and its en-
tourage revolve around the galactic center.

Where is
the
Galaxy going?

And what can we use as a frame of
reference to find out?

Fifty years ago astonomers thought they had a frame
of reference in the luminiferous ether--
a mysterious
substance pervading the universe--
which was invented
to explain how light traveled across otherwise empty
space.

Experiments produced negative results,
however,
and the ether joined the doctors'
humors and the biol-
ogists'

spontaneous generation of life on the historical
curiosity shelf.

Now,
unexpectedly,
astronomers do have something
pervading the universe that they can use as a reference
to measure the earth's
(and the
Galaxy's)

motion.

It
turns out that the universe is filled with very weak
microwave radiation believed to be the residue of the
"big bang"
that created the universe tens of billions of
years ago.

It appears to come from every direction with
equal intensity.

This characteristic,
known as isotropy,
suggested a
new experiment to
Edward
K.
Conklin,
a graduate stu-
dent working under
Ronald
N.
Bracewell at the
Astronomy
Institute at

Stanford.

Conklin reasoned that
if the earth is moving through an isotropic sea of radiation,
the earth's velocity should cause the radiation to appear stronger in the direction the earth is moving.

After making corrections for the known motions of the earth,
any remaining anomaly would indicate the previously unknown motion of the earth and the entire Galaxy.
Conklin made his measurements with two radio telescopes
12,500 feet above sea level.

Reporting results in
the
British journal
Nature,
he said he found the postulated difference in radiation strength in the direction of the northern constellation
Canes
Venatici
/the hunting dogs/.

The size of
the difference implies that the earth is moving in that direction at
160,000 miles per hour.

L--14 = Luminiferous ether.

Or L--48 = 4 + 8 = 12:
L--12 = Luster.

An old-time eulogy wd say:
"The luster of your deeds
against the daddy-giant-bogeyman
will never fade or tarnish."

Alas!

An idle boast.

B--12 = Mercury lamplight.

At this point I write:
"To be continued . . . "

(to here 2:30 AM 10/11/69)

What do you think of
when you think of the light
of a mercury-vapor lamp?

Do you think of a pearly nothing light
or a bluish light
--or do you think of black light,
the lavender light
containing occult rays,
the rays beyond the violet light
that burn us unawares
& take our pictures?

The vapor of Mercury,
messenger of the gods,
excited to emanation
of invisible radiation.

"Just get back from Florida?"

"No.

New sunlamp."

PURE COFFEE
0-- 226 GRAMS
DO NOT REFRIGERATE

2 + 2 = 4 + 6 = 10:

0--10 = Amethyst light.

The day my wise old psychiatrist had his funeral,
with Tillich still alive & present
& Meyer Schapiro's personal eulogy,
interrupted by his tears,
but masterly setting forth
the accomplishments & wisdom of Kurt Goldstein,
that day,
after sadly shaking hands
with Charlotte & Hanon,
& beginning my return to work in midtown,
I passed the store on Madison in the 80's
where often I had bought
necklaces & earrings for Alexandra Hontchar
when I worked for
Unicorn in that neighborhood.

A small ring
with a purple stone--presumably an amethyst--
rested in the right-hand window
among the $3 specials.

Its tarnished silver mounting
was carved in grapy shapes;
I bought it then & wore it
in memory of my wise old friend.

A number of years later

I still wore it much of the time,
my "Goldstein's Funeral Ring."

(Even with a wedding ring?)

I'm not sure whether I still had it by the time
I was wearing a wedding ring.

(I didnt wear one myself
until several years after our marriage.

Now I no longer wear it:
it seems too little for my finger.)

But sometime a few years ago
2 Puerto Rican painter-plasterer-neighbors
were doing work in the kitchen at Hoe Avenue,
where the ring hung with a horseshoe-nail ring on a white hook.

It disappeared sometime around then.

The first amethyst I saw
was in Hubbard's Woods
it must have been when I was 8 or less,
for we still lived on Chicago's South Side,
& my parents had made a rare family car trip
out to Hubbard's Woods
(the northern part of Winnetka,
just on the border of Glencoe)
to visit Ernie Peterman & his wife
--Ernie Peterman, my father's friend,
the chief refrigerating engineer at the North Shore Ice Co.,
just over the North Shore tracks in Glencoe,
of which Harry Roberts was the President:

Ernie Peterman,
whom my mother usually

referred to as "the Dutchman"
or "that Dutch iceman."

She used "Dutch" meaning "German,"
as in "Pennsylvania Dutch"
--I don't know whether this was Ohioan
or second-generation Jewish.

My mother's father,
blue-eyed blonde Jacob Baskin,
had come over from Odessa;
his red-haired
(was she blue-eyed too?)
wife,
from Austria-Hungary--
her name was Mary--
--was it, "Weiner,"
the same as Iris's mother's maiden name?
--I cannot trust my memory--
no, it was "Reicher" --
often spoke in her last years when we visited her
in Springfield or Columbus
of how she was being cheated
--"by the Jews."

The family ran a dry-goods store
in Springfield, Ohio,
from the time my mother was 12
(she'd been born in Cleveland
& the family had moved from town to town in Ohio
--I remember especially seeing the house they'd lived in
on Euclid Avenue, Yellow Springs--
setting up a kind of chain of stores, it seems,
until they got to Springfield
& her mother or my mother or all of them had said:
"This is it.
We arent going to budge

from here on out.")
& she went to school
in that Lutheran town's
German-dominated public schools,
& later to college at Wittenberg
--like Hamlet--
but never having to leave German Springfield
(except for that summer or so
studying photoplaywriting at Columbia).

There German was taught
from the 3rd or 4th grade on in the public schools;
my mother taught it there
until she met my father in a hotel lobby,
had him home to meet the folks,
this dapper British travelling salesman,
(upward-middle-class Jewish
Cockney but still dapper
& able to crack a joke & tell a story then
or sing a song or recite a poem:
--"Gunga Din,"
or "The Wreck of the Raspberry Jam"
or one or more soliloquies of Hamlet),
& after I dont know how long a courting,
they crossed the Ohio River at Cincinnati
& were married,
for some reason I've never learned,
in Covington, Kentucky.

But this time instead of Daddy going out to Hubbard's Woods alone & getting drunk with Ernie Peterman,
& maybe Harry Roberts,
we'd all come out to visit,
& Ernie Peterman
showed me a pin or ring with an amethyst in it.

I think it was a tiepin,

for when I reached for it,
thinking he was giving it to me,
someone explained
that that purple brightness
was much too expensive
to give away--
--or at least to give away right then to me;
but he did give me a tiepin
whose ivory head was carved a bloodless rose
half an inch or so across.

Now I have a chunk of amethyst
still adhering to the rock it grew on,
a gift several years ago
from poet-storyteller Spencer Holst,
my friend a quarter century this spring,
the last spring of the 1960's.

S--933-2220
9 + 3 = 12 + 3 = 15 + 2 = 17 + 2 = 19 + 2 = 21
S--21 = soft radiance

The soft radiance of Satyagraha
streams from the raucous deed of desanctification.

Truth force,
soul force,
love force,
the joyous confetti of personal truth
subsuming & transcending the stealing of documents,
subliming the stolen death paper,
melting the stolen "I" & "A" keys
of resting typewriters of death
--why didnt you also take
the key to ubiquitous "Ee"?--
lives in soft radiance
of unmalicious eyes

or ones whose humourous malice
is deadly-lovingly serious.

Softly radiant ladies
against gray Daddy Warbucks
(more gray than pinky-bald
in real life):
a Whistler composition in gold & gray
with fluttery white & green
& a vortex of viscous black
--a mess where a mess is needed:
right in the very center
of Rockefeller Center--
the lie given,
the oil spilt,
the dollars & death papers shredded,
the rebellious destructive deed openly avowed,

& now, * blessèd reprieve,
the miraculous postponement of the consequences
by the black lady judge
who used to be Boro President of Manhattan!

* 11 October 1969

Blessèd soft radiance
of serendipitous truth
(weeks or months of freedom yet
due to a technicality!)
mingles with the harder light
in which our social truth
lies summed in a mess of oil & dirty paper.

I see the soft friendly radiance of your eyes.

K--69 = 6 + 9 = 15
K--15 = comet light.

No, I'm not sure

whether or not I've seen a comet's light.

I think I did once,
pretty long ago,
but I'm not sure.

I cd talk like Stephen Spender
of your deed of gleeful destruction
" leaving the vivid air signed in your honor"
(I quote from memory, & as I said before,
my memory's not to be trusted).

No comets, you hoydens,
but sensibly angry women
doing their dirty best
(as biologically usual, alas)
to help preserve the ill-deserving species
Homo sapiens,
vertrebrate worm of planets,
ruiner of all he sets his hands upon.

E--10/11/69 = 10 + 11 = 21 + 69 = 90 = 9

E--9 = electric lamplight.

I don't even know whether this " e" shd be here;
I don't even know
whether your name is " Boskey"
or " Bosky":

If it's " Boskey,"
the " e" leads me to reflect
that I'm writing this new light poem
early in the morning of Columbus Day,
1969,
at 965 Hoe Avenue in the Bronx,
in electric light,

in electric lamplight, even,
if, as many do,
you call electric bulbs "electric lamps."

I don't know whether the "e"
shd be here,
but I do know that your main mistake
was not taking those typewriters' "e" keys
as long as you were "taking a few things."

Y--1915 = 19 + 15 = 34 = 3 + 4 = 7
Y--7 = I--7 = ice-sky light.

The poem ends under an ice sky,
a sky with clouds
sparkling with tiny ice crystals,
brilliant sun behind them,
unavailing against the arctic winds
swimming across the skies,
covering with treacherous
whiteness
North
American vastness
as well as the mythical wastelands of Siberia.

The winter is coming.

The Weathermen, unneeded,
may be the fatal catalysts
that cause the supersaturated welter of America,
seemingly a-thawing now,
to freeze into a final shape of horror.

Jill, & you others,
desperate Resisters,
knights whose troubled violence
scorns to injure persons,

Oh you, my friends, of our peculiar "party,"
quibblers about means & ends,
worriers over purity of intention,
lovers of spontaneous improvisation,
talkers to policemen & soldiers,
who know today's "pig"
may be tomorrow's lion of Resistance
or Christlike tiger of transfiguring love
(Lamb of God,
who takes away the sins of the world,
give us peace),
tightrope-walkers on the line of truth
who are the Lamb of God!

Take away the sins of the world!

Give us peace!

The ice sky sparkles us to hope.

NOTES, REVIEWS, LETTERS etc.

Issues #13 thru #20 of CATERPILLAR will be edited from California, and the address, for all correspondence, manuscripts and subscriptions, is: 4434 Matilija Avenue / Sherman Oaks, Ca. 91403. The body of the magazine will not change much, but there are a few changes will occur: cover price is going up to $2.00 and the number of pages per issue will be held at a maximum of 160, hopefully to 128 after #13. This is necessary because the magazine is terribly in the red, and loses about a quarter on each copy sold in a bookstore as is. Also there is the matter that too much of the financial output of CATERPILLAR is going into production and nothing, as of yet, to contributors. A bad balance. And I didn't grasp this until recently, when the painter Jess wrote me "The costs are out of proportion to a living (continuing)(reciprocal with the life-needs of artist also) symbiosis --". So given this shift in the magazine, plus raising the money to pay the printing bill, CATERPILLAR should be able to start paying its contributors by spring 1971.

The letters from George Stanley that follow constitute his answer to the letter I addressed to him in CATERPILLAR 8/9.

O yes, I should say that while the cover price of the magazine is going up to $2.00 the subscription price will remain the same -- $6 per year for four issues. The magazine does not lose on subscriptions, so there is no need to raise them.

February 28, 1970

dear Clayton,

I've been trying hard all yesterday and today to write a kind of answer to that letter of yours. I don't really know why I have been unable to do this. The last try I made at it, I started by saying that I really couldn't "think" the way you did, but that's not really true: I'm quite willing to bullshit about community, and power, and the size of the continent, etc., but after I've typed out a few pages of that kind of thing, well, I first get bugged I think by its abstractness, and then by its tendentiousness, and then, at some point I find myself just staring at this canary paper, unfocused, picking at my beard, not caring at all about what has become a game of fitting phrases, keeping a style consistent, not making too many jokes, etc. So I rip it out of the machine and tear it up. I don't mean it's not worth doing; I just mean, I don't do it well. I just went upstairs to eat and told the people at the table about this, and that helped me see what I was doing wrong. I was trying to write something other

than a letter to you; I had some vague idea of a kind of super-letter, pages and pages of run-on sentences, citing people like Whitehead and Fritz Perls to counter your Reich, etc. Well fuck that.

I'm really pissed at having spent so much futile time and paper on this. I got a big charge out of tearing a lot of it up just now, not just the last unsuccessful try, but pages from earlier today and yesterday that had cute things on them I wanted to include in some sweet spontaneous fashion.

I'll just tell you the things I really wanted to tell you. First of all, when I said I went upstairs to eat. I'm living in a commune now, ten people in a two-story 1880s Victorian that, you will notice from the address, is right next door to the address (in the ad) of the New American Poetry Circuit. I haven't met those people yet, but I guess I will. At dinner the people in our house asked me what was so hard about writing this letter, that I was so blocked, and I told them--Well, I guess that's the problem, I really don't know what I'm writing about. Well, what's the letter you're answering about, they said, and I said--Oh, it's really too embarrassing to talk about. John said--Well, now I have to know. So I told them--They want to know if I think poets can talk to Nixon. The answer, I said, is no. But that's not the problem. The problem is writing the letter. So then a little after that, still at table, it came to me that this is what I would do, just write you a letter about the problem as if it weren't going to be published at all. And now, so far, it makes me feel a little better. Gives me a sense of my community with you.

I also wanted to tell you that I'd never heard of Betty Kray before. Not that I wouldn't want to read at the Guggenheim Museum (which I remember with some distaste as (it was designed by Wright, wasn't it?) having an interior like a parking garage. I remember seeing a Kandinsky show there, coming down that fairly steeply sloping ramp so that when I stopped in front of a painting my right foot was noticeably lower than my left and my whole body was tilted maybe 10 degrees, right, off the Y-axis of the painting. And the effect was more disconcerting at the Kandinskys got more rectilinear.) Of course I would love to read there, and would be very excited about it, if she (Betty Kray) asked me, especially now that I know it is so important; but don't you think there is some kind of... gradation, or ranking, of concerns suggested by the fact that I've never heard of her? I don't think it's that I'm especially aloof, or uninformed, either. Maybe it <u>is</u> East vs. West Coast, because as far as I know, nobody else I know has ever heard of her either, except probably Duncan. It's kind of like the old saying thst one man's Mede is another's Persian.

I am enclosing six poems. They are the first six parts of a serial poem. Maybe it will have from 37 to 141 parts.

As for the "autobiography," of which I promised you a piece, I have not yet solved the problem of revision. The section Stan published in the <u>Georgia Straight</u> we felt had enough focus (love) and continuity to go as it was, but most of the "mud" (I call it that after Luther's word for his first protestant tracts, where he could'nt get anything said, owing to his accumulated rage which kept blowing up his sentences) -- most of that is incoherent, and I don't know yet what to do, " re-write," that is to say, "re-feel" it, or go at it with scissors and tape. But I hope your offer of space is still open when I get something in shape; I have experienced a tremendous

freeing power in writing prose, a way of coming out of hiding, more than in poetry, where the aim has always been (and still is) to write a "poem" --though these poems I am sending you now are more "existential," partly by osmosis from the prose process and partly because of a more general feeling of freedom I have. (Except today)

Today I feel uptight. I know I'm not dealing with the shit. Here. In this letter.

love,

George

(editor's note: the six poems Stanley refers to in this letter are the first six sections of FEELING OUT, which appeared in CATERPILLAR 11. The seventh section from the same poem appears in this issue.)

March 1, 1970

dear Clayton,

I felt a little less uptight this morning--no hangover, for once, and March came frisking and smiling and beaming in, like a lamb--so I thought I'd sit down and type some really intelligent stuff about "talking to Nixon"--but after two hours now of typing, and staring--and screwing up my belief in what I was typing--and then disbelieving again, and tearing--well, I'm uptight again. All screwed up. To the point where--I again feel I can now just tell you (bullshit, or as Quartermain calls it, conversation, is so much easier than this! Prose is, poetry is, all easier than this saying " what I mean."

OK. You can't talk to Nixon because that "power-that-moves-Nixon" you speak of is abstract, and you can't read poetry to an abstraction. (I want to go on with this but feel I can't without describing to you the mental picture I keep getting (absurd) of you actually reading to Nixon. You in your serape, and him in a blue suit & tie, his hands folded in his lap, a carnation, a look of bilious politeness on his lumpy face. He's sitting in President Kennedy's rocking chair, there's a fire going on of course, the Nixon "women" are on the rug, like pastel fungi--well, I can't go on with that. I guess I'm there, too, waiting to read. Is this the Oval Room?

Now I'm sitting here staring at the wall. OK. I realize I haven't said "what I mean" yet. I've some thoughts, but they would take a lot of hemming and hawing, like--that power behind Nixon is inertia. It isn't really power. It's what happens when we somehow, culturally, legally, make it impossible, wrong, for us to exercise our powers, then that comes into being, like a raging void. It's like what Wiener (Norbert) says about entropy being similar to the Augustinian idea of evil, random, destructive of complexity, life, beauty. I don't know any special way we can talk to "it,"

other than talking as we have been, to each other, to women and children, entering into as much complexity as we can endure, aiming at beauty, recording feeling. I think poetry aims at beauty.

Beauty is very complex--here I am way up on the top ladder of aesthetic theory--but I will stay here just a minute, and follow this out. What I mean is, at least beauty, or poetry, must seem complex to the poet. If he could step outside his humanity, and be God, or a parrot, then it might all seem simple, limpid. There is this temptation, to disown the limitations of humanity--reflectivity, mortality, and caring (for self and others) and just float up there and see like God does. Jeffers did this. But I don't believe it. To me it is defensiveness and avoidance. Sterile and irresponsible. Some kids are talking like this now too, laying on us and each other great dynamic visions (eco- or cosmological) where we're supposed to forget that it's a human being talking. So this is what I get out of Peter Quartermain's idea of "copping out" on human activity. Talking about ecology, it's our environment. We (organisms) are the ones that perceive it as an environment. I don't know whether fish or God do or not. To deny the human context is to impoverish the Universe.

At this point I feel some kind of closure--that I have, in fact, answered you. But I don't really want this to be taken as an "answer"; only as another contribution.

Again, love,

George

P.S. I feel incomplete without referring to a lingering feeling of depression I have about these letters. I feel like this is in some way a suicidal activity--at least it's felt like it at times today. I feel like--when I make a statement, anything definite, then I've cut myself off from the opposite of that. And I certainly don't feel like that when I make a statement in a poem. Like when I put down those vast non-human perspectives that "kids" take. Well, I like to take those perspectives, look at things that way myself. So... Words are really best for feelings. And I don't mind discourse, general statements ("defensiveness and avoidance"), so long as they're subordinate to feeling. Feeling is so much more complex. Discourse without feeling is bullshit. But, then, I have no objection to bullshit. In its time. In its place. Bullshit is bullshit-Buddha. G.S.

March 27, 1970

dear Clayton,

Your two letters awaiting me on my return from Van. You sure seemed dissatisfied with what I wrote you earlier. I can't tell whether you actually realize that I meant those letters as my answer to your open letter, and that I want you to publish them.

I don't

care what flows out of the barrel of a gun so long as it ain't bullets.

Paradise, tho, that moves me! And Olson says (Persky showed me the place in the Maximus): " Paradise is a person." You know this spacetime is just tissue paper. Crumple it. I could imagine the whole Universe made of faces.

love,

George

April 3, 1970

dear Clayton,

Well, in my last letter to you a few days ago I guess I didn't really come to the point--of explaining the way I answered your open letter. I just told you that, in case you had mistaken my intention in those answers, I wanted you to know they were in fact answers, or further contributions, as said therein, and that I wanted you to publish them as such. Then I made my joke about power (not caring what flowed out of the barrel of a gun, so long as it wasn't bullets)--- which I still think is kind of funny, I mean it makes my point in a rather carefree way, the point being that the struggle for power, to get in control, is degrading (and thus, not for my mind, a subject that I can stick with long, be (in the sense that when one thinks, seriously, about something, one enters into it, becomes it) without snickering (in this way, as to make a little joke about the famous barrel of a gun. That is, even if (Somehow, Clayton, every time I write to you I get to the point where I feel like I am not writing to you but am doing my version, my 2¢ worth of some kind of stylized international nonsense. I mean there are just too many commas and short phrases. Now let's get out of this; for once (thank god, a semi-colon) I want to say what I mean to you. I mean the subject of power is pretty boring to me. It isn't worth my attention. I think it's ridiculous. I am sorry for people trapped in it, making this person, or claque, or audience, do this, think that. My emotion is pity. No, it isn't, my emotion (if I would even call it that) is most like contempt. But if I like the person, and I like you, then my feeling is, I guess, that I will give in to your concern, your obsession, with this subject (and here I am, doing it again, writing about this despicable thing-- for as long as you want. I know you made your disclaimer in your letter to Peter Q, that you were not interested in control. Well, I don't think this is really frank of you, otherwise, what are you doing editing and publishing Cat? Look, why not just admit to having some hung-up interest in power in this narrow sense (and don't try to confuse it with those powers that are beyond our control (Eros, for example, let him drop just one pin-feather here, or let his heel rest, momentarily here) from which we draw our life? There's nothing really so wrong with the moderate exercise of control as you do in editing or as I may do in teaching or some other activity so long as you don't confuse it with, say

poetry or making love, where it is out of place and is likely to get overwhelmed. (Or else you may fall into the delusion of control over that which is beyond us and thus become that really pitiful critter, the moral magician. Well, I won't name names. I'm not talking about other people, but strictly, about you and me and this conversation we are involved in (which I don't find very interesting, but I do find you interesting, and powerful, in the sense that you can give yourself over, your ego, to the creation of meaning, part of which is the creation of ego (and can write poetry, and I would just guess, can love, help, care, protect-- I believe the look of tenderness on your face in the photo in the NAPC brochure, you & David Meltzer among all those Rasputins. (Another joke.) All this (this letter) is occasioned by my getting a letter from Stan this morning--I had asked him how to deal with your apparent discomfiture at my other letters (and then gone ahead and wrote that quick note to you (where I also said I love your idea of Paradise? And did I mention to you Stan having shown me the place in Maximus where "Paradise is a person"? And did I tell you my word for it is "Salty paradise"? Yes. I guess that has something to do with blood. (I took my first acid (LSD) trip this week and encountered that saltiness, that paradiseness, and it was true. (I was surprised and happy on LSD to find how much was true. (Of what I was.) And that person, too, I found that paradise was. But unfortunately, it was myself. I was in the way, still, stuck in a Fibber McGee closet that I couldn't claw my way back to the other door that must have been at the back of it, to the Universe, because I loved all that stuff too much. Me and my mother were there, like a hermaphrodite, garlanded with vocalic patterns of long a's (like in bad, man) and schwas. So today I got a letter from Stan, telling me. "Be straight with him and say you really meant those as answers to his letter (I did that), that it turned out they became something more than an answer, a statement of sorts for the present, & to explain clearly about the humor, that's probably the hardest thing for someone to understand." Yes, those jokes. They're my way of turning to you (to whoever I feel I am with, to turn to, to say: Look, there is more than this, there is a mystery, and, damn you, I just won't come on so all-fired serious about all these concepts as if we were not leaves in a fire (but as if we, with our magazines and reviews and hip analyses of culture and orgasm were the ultimate. And so I guess my humor in those letters is a kind of littérature-vérité (? I just coined that) way of shifting the camera, or photographing the photographer, getting the Clayton Eshleman and the George Stanley into the picture (and saying (but not without affection, that is why it is humor, not some kind of moral stance I am taking--Look at those two guys, bullshitting. Isn't that a kind of pathetic spectacle? In their magazine, and for their 100 or so readers? And also, aren't they lovely, would you believe that in addition to this low-energy activity they also write poetry and sweat in bed with a woman or man for a glimpse, of beauty?

love again,

George

FIELDING DAWSON WITH THE NEWS

Fielding Dawson's first collection of short stories, covering the past fifteen years, brings us all a dashing, volatile, multiradial work: a continuous, fluid work in which, however, the best of the stories have the sharp linear focus, the crystalline acuteness, the expressive grace which only mobility, governed by awareness can bring. It is a joy to read these stories all together; the more so, because one's split impulse -- to linger, ruminatively over each story, and to keep zipping along -- corresponds to the movement of the stories themselves: each one an attempt to see and render a life-movement, a vignette, a situation, a thought, with that intent muscular grace which is Fielding Dawson's style. Indeed, when these stories fail, it is because, emotionally, Dawson -- too intent and too open to associations -- brings conscious will too much to bear on perceiving; thus choking the emotional fluency, producing a strained and haranguing tone.

In this book, however, the best holds the majority: and what it brings us is, in a very certain sense, an art of the unfinished, a running chronicle of the unfinished: "unfinished" in the sense of unpossessable. The completeness of Cheever's fiction, or Updike's, it seems to me, too often makes of the reader an absentee landlord: the "owner" of an art-work which his ego has safely assimilated, without any sacrifice to the work's burden of understanding. The same may be said of many another, and worthier, western artist than Cheever or Updike. But Dawson's writing, with that of a relative few but shining contemporaries (among them, Harry Lewis, Edward Dorn, Hubert Selby) presents an art, the evolution of personal journalism (not that vinyl-surfaced parajournalism we hear so much about) which insists on the reader's participation, his willingness to follow the fusings and branchings of Dawson's map. Every story in this book can be taken as a man's effort to locate and articulate himself, to understand the boundaries, while sacrificing as little as possible of life's mobility. We see this man in the opening story -- and half the book's title -- "Krazy Kat": as a boy in an English literature class, also as that boy's teacher. Their dialogue about Blake's "Tyger, Tyger" -- the fearsome difficulties of God's attempt to divide himself by embodying himself, thus the tiger's fearful symmetry -- is one of this book's two coda; the other being "The Word", which concludes the book, and whose bullet-like compactness I find impossible to paraphrase. A story of the War, of energy both destructive and procreative.

I don't think Dawson's experience as a painter can be underrated (he continues to be an excellent draftsman, and -- as the cover of this book demonstrates -- a master of collage.) The painter's work is an energetic continuum, from his hand to the brush, from the paint ot the canvas: a constant process, in which fundamental errors demand immediate pause and overhaul; but, in which the merely unfamiliar, the unexpected stroke, demands equally to be followed out, and whatever are its temporal-spatial possibilities to be investigated. Dawson conveys to writing this following out, this pursuit of the trail. Thus, a phone call about measurements in the store where

he works; a woman writing a letter at her kitchen table; a nickname (Seabiscuit) by his uncle, church on Christmas eve -- all are felt as a meshing, then radiation, of currents. Repeatedly, this or that incident will act, obsessively, nostalgically, as a magnetic pole, a marker of one's life; and when Dawson succeeds, he succeeds superbly at keeping such magnetic incidents in view, YET conveying the goings-on of time and space, the struggles to extend oneself, though never entirely relinguishing those tiny monuments. He has the lion's sense of those markers, the points which are still there: the fine story, "Refelctions of Steel", which begins as a visit between two urban homosexuals, and ends with an eerie and moving aboriginal legend -- offers us a singular image of man hunting, and refinding himself, and of being hunted, and refound, by Time. To date, the most sustained coalescence of Dawson's art, and his inquiry, is his Franz Kline: an Emotional Memoir; in which the minute rendition of Kline's painting becomes a powerful metaphor of the book's experiential tone and pace: flowing around, past, and back to, those polar events of two funerals and a wedding. It is here anticipated, in miniture, by his story "The Unveiling", of a Jewish funeral for one of his wife's relatives.

I have written that Dawson's failures seem to me failures of an over-determined consciousness, constantly seeking the correct name for both object and experience; thus, at times, losing the larger human reverberations, the reality, for the narrower actuality. This problem seems to me, in some of the later stories, compounded by his increased using of psychoanalytic terminology: categorical terms which he must try to impose on the crepuscular flow of his imagery, and the quick grace of encounter which marks his best work. These terms, handed from above, so to speak, repeatedly, at worst, thicken and slow down the movement of the work; and add to one's sense of emotions too strenusouly summoned.

The use of this language and this perspective challenges the stresses of experience with the stasis of categories. But still, even in its sometimes unsatisfactory results, this formulation, too, belongs to the peculiarly heroic mode of Fielding Dawson's writing: heroic, in that he elects to write from the peak of his judgment and reflex. Heroic, too, in his perception that writing, as extension of life, comprises a series of decisions recorded as gestures. Taken successively, these gestures make up the action which provides his stories' tone, as well as their content. So any language which he has incorporated into his experience, which serves the active function -- instant clarification -- of language, is part of the equipment, and to be used accordingly, as appropriate.

So Dawson's writing, good or bad, can be called action writing in the most permeative sense. It enlists the process-rhythms of painting and of choreography in the rippling, guileless complexity of his typical prose. Sometimes, it comes out merely pretty and a little unctuous; much more often, you get that physical delivery of the intricate, through rhythm, which marks some of the greatest Irish prose writers -- the Joyce of Dubliners, or James Stephens -- as well as, at best, Americans like Ring Lardner. Read, especially anyone who knows Stephens, the opening page of "Urbana, Illinois", in its clean, unrestrained and undeceitful deftness, which focuses the discernment of both personae and atmosphere.

Best of all, Fielding Dawson is a journalist in that word's constantly essential, all-but-forgotten meaning: he is both a seer

and a messenger, a bringer of news: not impaled by the present, but sped by the energies which converge in the present -- Fielding Dawson with the news.

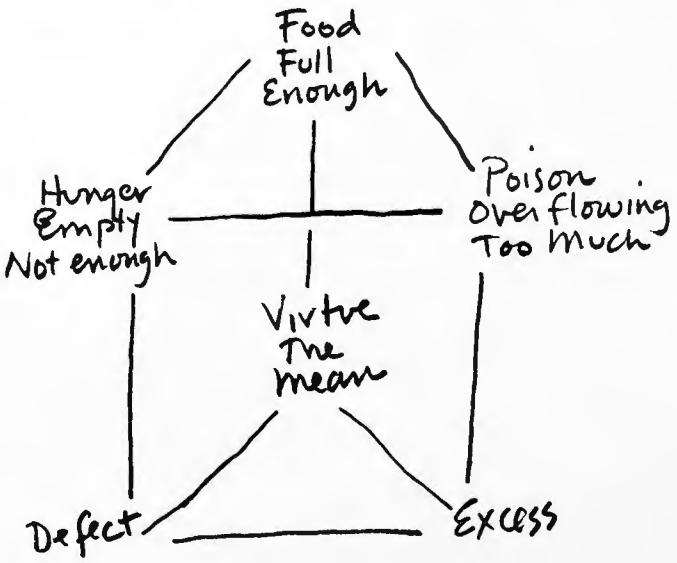
--Donald Phelps

Re: OECOLOGICAL SECTIONS, by Richard Grossinger, The Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1970. $4 paper, $15 hard, ltd., and signed.

Rich --

Oecological Sections is at the 8th Street bookstore -- I got one a few weeks ago and have enjoyed reading it. It establishes a very strong sense of authority, but there is a certain anguish in the evasiveness of this authority. In the tone of Thomas Browne & the Quabbalah you establish a return to sources, but not in an historical way -- authority is the catalog of forms, the illustrations from old books ("Homo Monstrosus"), the forms understood as a genetic relay race with the purposes whispered from gene to gene: authority is possible in an intentional field, the author barely imbuing metaphors. And then you keep bringing it back to an asymptotic now -- that I think is what disturbs me. Forms are evolved in a certain desperation, to keep the stored genetic node material in continual contact or phrase with a moving now. What would happen if everything could not come together at every other new moment? Poison?

Your oecology is, as you point out, a weapon (or tool) to preserve your niche. Mentally devouring and digesting, not allowing excess of knowledge to rot untransformed.



Aristotelian Virtue Diagram

Projected to Food Diagram

Yours,

Nels Richardson

NARRATION, by Gertrude Stein
The University of Chicago Press, Chicago 1935
New Impression, 1969

In the 1920's Gertrude Stein declared herself not a home to Ezra Pound and later proceeded to put the whole incident into her AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS summing up Pound " as a village explainer, nice if you were a village. If not, not." A few years after, she turned around to prove that if Pound could teach and subsequently make scholars out of a whole generation of poets, she could explain and make explanations literature. NARRATION does the things it explains. It is about work -- about the whole process of telling someone something in writing. It is about life -- about the universal need in all of us always to be telling something. There are few literary references. Shakespeare, the Bible and Stein's own works are briefly mentioned. "Remarks are not literature," she ruled long ago and the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. is the only time she wrote -- and very consciously wrote gossip. The rules notwithstanding, good gossip can make a delightful kind of literature, but NARRATION isn't that. Rather it is a literature of the abstract, the impersonal, the universal in life and art. Telling things on paper, telling them in such a way as to make them into literature, why newspapers, detective stories and most history never become literature in Miss Stein's absolute sense, what happens to a writer as he puts down his own words -- these are NARRATION's concerns. The book was published thirty-five years ago. But then, as Stein remarks in the opening lecture, "from a grandmother to a granddaughter and from a grandfather to a grandson makes a century and so even a century isn't a very long time." Today things are supposedly moving faster. So perhaps as the grandchildren of Gertrude Stein, we are at last ready for her.

There is literature as it has been written -- American and English -- and there is the basic story telling instinct, and the difference between participating in an exciting scene and hearing or telling about it. In the real scene, the climax is experienced as a relief. The intensity can be almost the same but the results between reading as opposed to experiencing or happening is naturally different. Yes that's obvious, but what it has to do with reading, listening and finally telling someone something maps out the limits of the

art. My five year old in the middle of watching a play or movie, begins asking "Is it the end -- is it going to be over soon," because she is just able to bear the intensity of the performance. And when thepplay is over, she goes back to belonging to herself -- essentially unchanged because the play, the experience is not reality but art. Later, she will often demand the story of the play over and over until there is no excitement, no relief left in it. Conversely, starting from the real experience, a fall in the playground, a child will enjoy the relief of telling what happened, often in each telling slightly changing the incident. And right there is where narrative starts for "Narrative is what anybody has to say in any way about anything that can happen, has happened or will happen." And it is this need to tell that finally makes us learn to talk in sentences.

To sum up things in Steinian fashion: once everything was poetry, then as the world got older, prose. Now there is prose and poetry and today more than ever they are both involved with narrative. (With poetry it may be a narrative of a simple emotion or much more. See how much information Robert Kelly, for example, can pack into a poem.) In the second part of NARRATION, Stein takes the line, "Let's make our flour meal and meat in Georgia" and asks is it poetry or prose, how do you tell. I think of a dozen lines from David Antin or Paul Blackburn that stand by themselves as prose as opposed to Jack Hirschman's paragraphs written in prose form which I can only read and understand as poetry -- Hirschman's marching metaphors cannot be torn apart from each other, sense and breath demand pauses outside the balance of any sentence structure. Does it matter? Yes, to Stein and to all of us involved in writing. Gertrude Stein is talking about the basics of what we do, what we have and what we deal with in telling anybody anything.

"Journalism is mostly first impressions, but writing about a friend you have this enormous store of impressions that you can't really pin down. This was an uptight scene for me, writing about someone I'm so close to," Richard Schickel wrote in a Life magazine a while back describing his problems in doing a feature story. The description might serve as an explanation for most feature stories in magazines as well as accounts for the quasi-personal touch that characterizes the 'new' journalism. The journalist tries to make himself a first person stranger to himself as well as to his subject and his readers. He is not Stein's audience to and for himself, but rather a fictional character, a flat two-dimensional passer-by he is presenting to others. This has a lot to do with Stein's explaining why newspapers never and history rarely ever becomes literature. Newspapers are concerned with events, with "being soothing and smoothing everything over. It takes a strong personality," she explains, "to break through the events in a newspaper and when they do, well it is soon over, it is soon smoothed over." Feature stories are part of this process. Remember Charlie Manson of the Sharon Tate murders -- for a day or two, a hippie Svengali subject of innumerable quick articles, an extraordinary figure, possibly a killer personality, who from being the No. 1 subject of popular non-fiction is on his way to being forgotten along with the instant journalism produced around him. In a newspaper, the chief interest is the event, the magazines specialize in the who with sidesweeps at the why. "But in a novel or play" -- says Stein -- "no matter what it is that happens it is hoped that nothing will be smoothed over that every minute of that novel there is a beginning and ending and that always

any personality that any one has there is one that no one can ever change into something that anyone can recover from." Julian Sorel, Mishkin, Molloy and Sheeper are still with us. As are Miss Stein's own Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Reynolds. And isn't that what we all want from our writing irreversible, unforgettable truth? -- truth one does not recover from? Stein says you get it when there is no distinction, no separation between feeling and event: "the more a writing is a writing the more no outside is outside outside is inside inside is inside."

NARRATION consists of 62 pages, divided into four lectures and cld be considered a provocative sequel to LECTURES IN AMERICA, a very interesting book that tells a lot about pictures, punctuation and Gertrude Stein herself. It delightfully gives Stein's own version of the story of English Literature, a story she repeats in a more condensed form in NARRATION. But in LECTURES IN AMERICA Stein is scratching around to find out what she knows, in NARRATION she has reached bedrock. The book has been reissued in a pretty 'Collectors Edition' pink and silver-colored, with its own lemon and silver slip box -- a belle lettres production. But NARRATION is tough -- far from pretty writing. It can't be read once and lots of it must be read out loud -- mouthing the words, the way one reads poetry. R.D. Laing ends his book with the famous blast, "If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind, if I could tell you, I would let you know." -- Well, Gertrude Stein has done it. And maybe that's why it's taken thirty-five years to get this book reprinted. After all the centuries of reading and writing, and after three hundred years of American literature, here is where we start from. You read it a couple of times & then begin looking around...

-- Corinne Robins

THE COVER FOR THIS ISSUE IS A WOODCUT BY WILLIAM PADEN (WHO DID THE WOODCUTS IN BROTHER STONES - A FEW COPIES OF WHICH ARE STILL AVAILABLE AT $50 EACH). PADEN HAS DONE AN EDITION OF 25 WOODCUTS, NUMBERED AND SIGNED, OF THE CATERPILLAR 13 COVER AND THESE ARE FOR SALE AT $25 EACH. SEND ORDERS DIRECTLY TO THE ARTIST: WILLIAM PADEN/208 W. 85TH STREET/NY NY 10024. THE CALLIGRAPHY IN THE CUT READS "KE MUSHI", OR CATERPILLAR (LITERALLY: WOOLYWORM) IN JAPANESE.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

SOLAR JOURNAL, by Richard Grossinger, Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1970. $4.50 paper, $15 hard.
NOTES FOR THE FOUNDATION OF A THEORY OF METER, by Jim Rosenberg, Grabhorn-Hoyem, San Francisco, 1970. $1.50.
THE IMMACULATE by Allen Katzman, Doubleday, New York, 1970. $4.50.
SOULSCRIPT -- Afro-American Poetry, edited by June Jordan, Zenith Books-Doubleday, New York, 1970. $3.95.
TWO POEMS, by Michael Heller, Pershible Press, Wisconsin. NPL.
Lydia, by Kenneth Gangemi, Black Sparrow Press, 1970. $4.50 paper, $15 hard.
ON THE EDGE OF THE KNIFE, by Charles Eaton, Abelard-Schuman, Ltd., New York, $4.50.
AN EDICT FROM THE EMPEROR, by James Camp, Burning Deck, 1969. NPL.
CHAMELEON, by Charles Baxter, New Rivers Press, New York, $2.50.
THE NIGHTMARE FACTORY, by Maxine Kumin, Harper & Row, New York, $4.95.
THE PLAY OF RAINBOW, by Michael Mackmin, Cape Goliard, London, Grossman, New York, $4.50.
NIGHT FLIGHT, words by Michael Penney, photography by John Miles, Bettiscombe Press, Dorset, England, 1969. NPL.
A QUICK GRAPH: Collected Notes & Essays, by Robert Creeley, Four Seasons Foundation, San Francisco, $4.00.
EMILY DICKINSON: LETTERS FROM THE WORLD, edtied by Marguerite Harris, Corinth Books, New York, $2.50.
RELATION, by Kenneth Irby, Black Sparrow Press, $4.00 paper, $15 hard.
TRAGEDY & COMEDY, by Paul Goodman, Black Sparrow Press, $4.00 paper, $15 hard.
MAGIC PAPERS, by Irving Feldman, Harper & Row, New York, $4.95.
THE MECHANIC, by Luis Garcia, Oyez, Berkeley, $2.50.
SILVERY McLUNE, by Lionel Kearns, Daylight Press, Vancouver, 1969. NPL.
THE HUMAN DIMENSION, by Helen Duberstein, Gnosis, Brooklyn, $.50.
THE WEDDING FEAST, by Richard Edelman, Oyez, Berkeley, NPL.
THE HOLY GRAIL, by Jack Spicer, AugTwoFive, Mass., Free.
POEMS, by Hermann Hesse (tr. by J. Wright), Farrar Strauss, New York, $4.95.
STILL WATERS OF THE AIR, Three Modern Spanish Poets (Jimenez, Lorca, Machado), ed. by Richard Lewis, Dial Press, New York, $4.50.
THE SPECIAL VIEW OF HISTORY, by Charles Olson, Oyez, Berkeley, $2.50.
MY EXPERIENCE IN THE WAR, by Doug Fetherling, Weed/Flower Press, Toronto, NPL.
STAR, by Michael McClure, Grove Press, $4.75.
AN ANTHOLOGY OF NEW YORK POETS, ed. by Ron Padgett & David Shapiro, Random House, New York, $12.95.
BYRNE'S ATLAS, by Bill Butler, Nether Press, London, $1.80.
MY ONE LEAF HEAD, by Bill Butler, Unicorn Books, London, 1969. NPL.

TESTIMONY OF THE INVISIBLE MAN, by Nancy Willard, U. of Missouri Press, $7.50.
KALI YUGA, by Robert Kelly, Cape Goliard/Grossman, London/New York, paper $2.95.
ISLA VISTA NOTES, by David Meltzer, Christopher Books, Santa Barbara, $.50
YESOD, by David Meltzer, Trigram Press, London, 12S6D UK.
LUNA, by David Meltzer, Black Sparrow Press, paper $4, hard $15.
AS I STAND AT THIS WINDOW, by Samuel Charters, Oyez, Berkeley, private circulation.
SWALLOW THE LAKE, by Clarence Major, Wesleyan U. Press, Middletown, paper $2, hard $4.
THE AMERICAN LITERARY ANTHOLOGY, Volume III, ed. G. Plimpton & P. Ardery, Viking, New York, $7.95.
INSIDE OUTER SPACE, An Anthology ed. by Robt. Vas Dias, Doubleday Anchor, New York, $1.95.
THE COMPLETE POETRY OF RICHARD CRASHAW, Ed. by G.W. Williams, Anchor 17th Century Series, New York, $3.95.
40 POEMS TOUCHING ON RECENT AMERICAN HISTORY, ed. by Robt. Bly, Beacon Press, Boston, $5.95.
MORAVAGINE, A raw, stinking, crawling hunk of fantasy by Blaise Cendrars, Doubleday, $5.95.
OF BANK BURNING, by Edward Loomis, Capricorn Books, Santa Barbara, NPL.
FIRE STATION, by Charles Bukowski, Capricorn Books, NPL.
OPEN ROAD, a novel by Fielding Dawson, Black Sparrow, NPL.
THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY, Norton & Company, New York, long hard version, $7.50; short paper version, $5.95.
ICONOGRAPHS, by May Swenson, Scribner's & Sons, New York, $4.50.
GREENSPEECH, by David Meltzer, Christopher Books, $1.50
THE SPIDER HANGS TOO FAR FROM THE GROUND, by Antonio Cisneros, Cape Goliard, London.
POETIC DISTURBANCES, by Robert Duncan, Maya Quarto Eight, Berkeley, $1.50.
AFTERNOON IN A SQUARE OF GUADALAJARA, by John Brandi, Maya Quarto Six, $1.50.
Susanna Martin, by Harvey Bialy, Maya Quarto Seven, $1.50.
NEW POEMS, by John Holloway, Scribner's, $4.50
LACKAWANNA ELEGY, by Yvan Goll, tr. by G. Kinnell, Sumac Press, Fremont, Michigan, paper $1.95, hard $7.50.
THE SPARK OF JOY, by Rayne Mackinnon, Caithness Books, Scotland.
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NHR, by Jack Hirschman, Christopher Books, $1.00
WALKING ON GRASS, by Andrew Crozier, Ferry Press, London, 1969.
POEMS BY KALI, by Kali Grosvenor, Doubleday, $3.50
TWENTY LOVE POEMS, by Pablo Neruda, tr. by W.S. Merwin, Grossman-Cape, $1.50
THE STORY OF CINDERELLA, by Rosemary Eckert, Weed/Flower, NPL.
THE TRUE EVENTUAL STORY OF BILLY THE KID, by B.P. Nichol, Weed/Flower, NPL.
WINDOW POEMS, by Ants Reigo, Weed/Flower, NPL.
THE RAINPIPE POEMS, by Brad Robinson, Weed/Flower, NPL.
SKIN SCALES, by Brad Robinson, Weed/Flower, NPL.
PERIMETERS, by Charles Levendosky, Wesleyan U. Press, $4.00

SHE'LL BE RIDING SIX WHITE HORSES, by Paul Violi, The Swollen Magpie Press, NPL.
SUMMER POEMS, by Denise Levertov, Oyez, NPL.
LIKE A WALL, by Carroll Arnett, Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, New York, $5.00
LIVINGDYING, by Cid Corman, New Directions, New York, paper $1.75
NEW DIRECTIONS 22, an annual, New Directions, N.Y.
PARIS SPLEEN, by Charles Baudelaire, New Directions, $1.75.
THE AESTHETICS OF ROCK, by R. Meltzer, Something Else Press, New York, $6.95.
HONEY OUT OF STONE, by Gary Adelman, Doubleday, $5.95
THE ADVENTURES OF MR & MRS JIM AND RON, by Jim Dine and Ron Padgett, Grossman, $3.95
MORNING IN SPRING, by Louis Ginsberg, Morrow, New York, $5.00
TESTAMENT FOR MY STUDENTS, by Kay Boyle, Doubleday, $4.95.
THE BEAUTIFUL CONTRADICTIONS, by Nathaniel Tarn, Random House, NPL.
MAU MAU AMERICAN CANTOS, by Tom Weatherly, Corinth Books, New York, $1.75.
AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Louis Zukofsky, Grossman, $5.95.
ALLEGIANCES, by William Stafford, Harper & Row, $4.95
PO TREE & ILLUSTRATIONS, by Lynn Lonidier, Maelstrom Publishers, Leucadia, Calif. NPL.
DANCING BEAR, by John Oliver Simon, The Undermine Press, Calif., $.25.
ROSSHALDE, by Herman Hesse, tr. by Ralph Manheim, Farrar Straus, $5.
MARCEL DUCHAMP, OR THE CASTLE OF PURITY, by Octavio Paz, Cape Goliard, 16S UK.
EXPERIMENTS IN PROSE, an anthology ed. by Eugene Wildman, Swallow Press, $4.95.
THE MAGELLANIC CLOUDS, by Diane Wakoski, Black Sparrow, $4.00 paper, $15 hard.
NOT ALL I SEE IS THERE, poems & paintings by Bernard Forrest, Black Sparrow, NPL.
THREE ROOMS, by Andrea Wyatt, Oyez, $1.50.
ROMIOSSINI, by Yannis Ritsos, Dust Books, 1969, NPL.
TWO SHORT STORIES, by Len Fulton, Dust Books, 1969, NPL.
THE COLLECTED POEMS OF AN ANONYMOUS YOUNG POET, by Thomas Tyler Bouldin, Hiram Poetry Review, 1969, NPL.
LETTERS FOR ORIGIN, by Charles Olson, Grossman, paper $3.95, cloth, $8.95.
RELEARNING THE ALPHABET, by Denise Levertov, New Directions, paper $1.75, hard $4.75.
HERE, by David Curry, New Rivers Press, $2.50.
COMPUTERS FOR THE ARTS, by Dick Higgins, Abyss Publications, $.90.
DIANA'S SMILE, by James Ryan Morris, The Croupier Press, NPL.
ODDA TALA #3: " The Moon Has A Complicated Geography" by Diane Wakoski, Odda Tala Press, Redwood City, Calif. NPL.
VACUUM CANTOS, by Lawrence McGaugh, Oyez, 1969, $1.50.
DISAPPEARING HORSES, by David Rosenberg, Coach House Press, $5.00
OLT, by Kenneth Gangemi, The Orion Press, 1969, $3.95.
LETTERS, from Rosemarie and Keith Waldrop, Burning Deck, NPL.
MAN FISHING, by E.G. Burrows, Sumac Press, 1969, paper $1.95, hard $7.50.
THE HOUSE OF IBUKI, by Clayton Eshleman, Sumac Press, 1969, paper $1.95, hard $7.50.

THE HAWK-FOOT POEMS, by Toby Olson, Abraxas Press, 1969, $.35.
THE BRAND, by Toby Olson, The Perishable Press, Mount Horeb, Wisconsin, 1969, NPL.
FOEWCOMBWHNW by Dick Higgins, Something Else Press, 1969, NPL.
LUCY CHURCH AMIABLY, by Gertrude Stein, Something Else, 1969, $2.95.
CHANGES: NOTES ON CHOREOGRAPHY, by Merce Cunningham, ed. by Francis Starr, Something Else Press, 1969, $8.95.
SPACE AGE, by Clive Matson, Croton-on-Hudson Press, New York, $3.95.
THE WAY OF A WORLD, by Charles Tomlinson, Oxford Univ, Press, $3.75.
THE DAYS RUN AWAY LIKE WILD HORSES OVER THE HILLS, by Charles Bukowski, Black Sparrow Press, $4 paper, $15 hard ltd., signed.
KYTHINGS, by Ronald Eadie Munro, Caithness Books, Caithness, Scotland, NPL.
VALLEYS, by Larry Eigner, Big Venus, London, $.50.
A CALIFORNIA JOURNAL, by Robert Kelly, Big Venus, $.50
BAVUSKA, and random selections, by Allen Fisher, Big Venus, $.50
ODE TO CHARLES FOURIER, by Andre Breton, Cape Goliard, 15S UK.
POLAND 1931, by Jerome Rothenberg, Unicorn Press, $5.00.
SELECTED WRITINGS by LaMonte Young & Marian Zazeela, Heiner Friedrich, $3.50.
THIS ENDLESS MALICE, by Enrique Lihn, Lillabulero Press, NPL.
FIRE IN AUGUST, by Judith Anne Greenberg, Zeitgeist, $1.50
A BOOK OF MUSIC, by Jack Spicer, White Rabbit Press, NPL.
SKETCHES FOR 13 SONNETS, by Gerard Boar, Oyez, NPL.
THE CHARM, by Robert Creeley, Four Seasons Foundation, 1969, $2.50.
PSALMS FOR VARIOUS VOICES, by Keith Wilson, Tolar Creek Syndicate, $.50.
LITTLE LORD SHIVA, by Charles Potts, Aldebaran Review #7, NPL.
THE LITMUS PAPERS, by Charles Potts, Gunrunner Press, NPL.
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AN ANECDOTED TOPOGRAPHY OF CHANCE, by Daniel Spoerri, Something Else Press, paper $2.95
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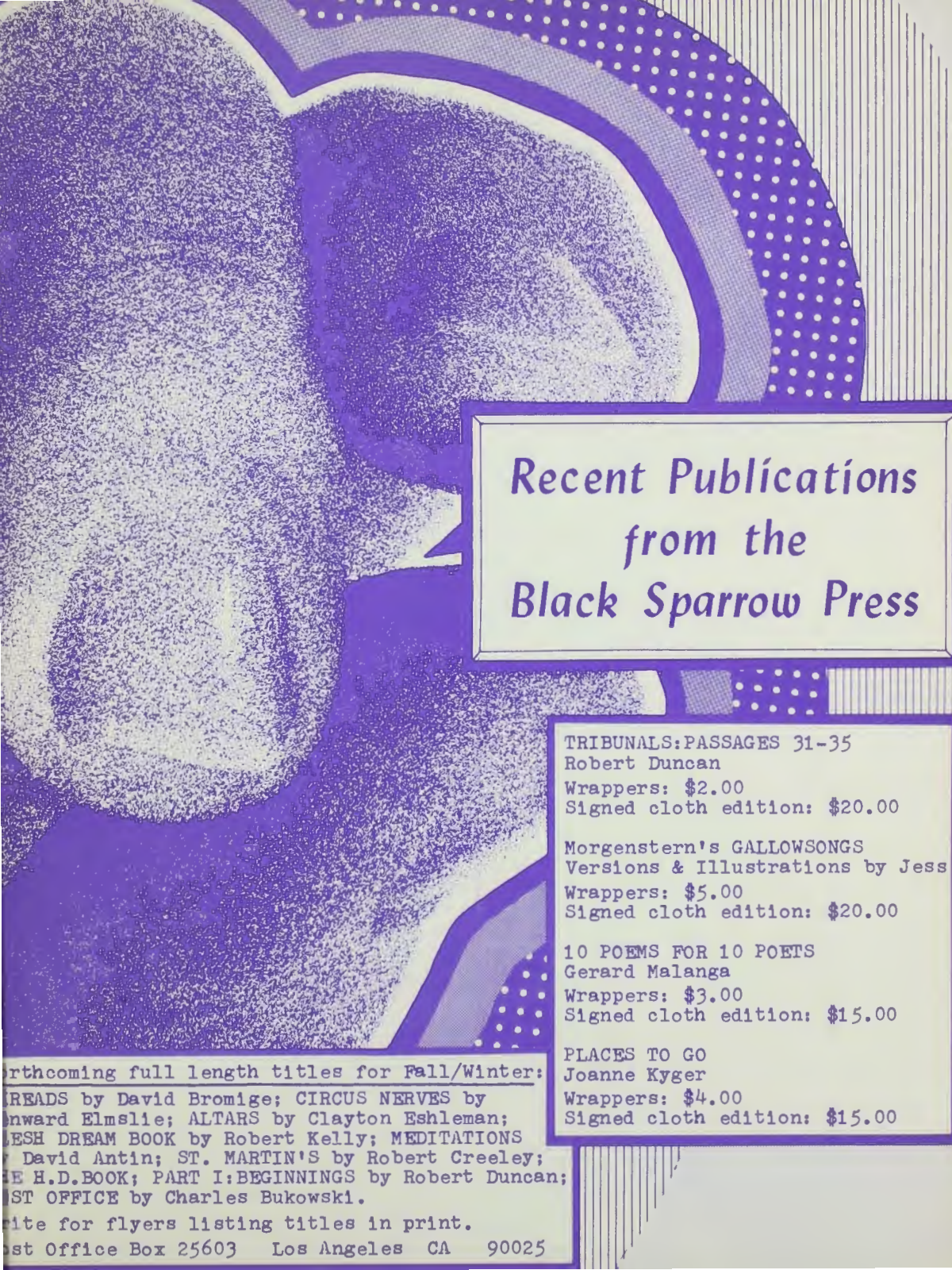

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